ALASKA: NEW GOLD RUSH, by Horace Sutton

Saturday Review

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SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

THE CASE OF THE SUBSTITUTED DRUG

By John Lear

IS THERE AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC LITERATURE?

By Thomas P. Coffey

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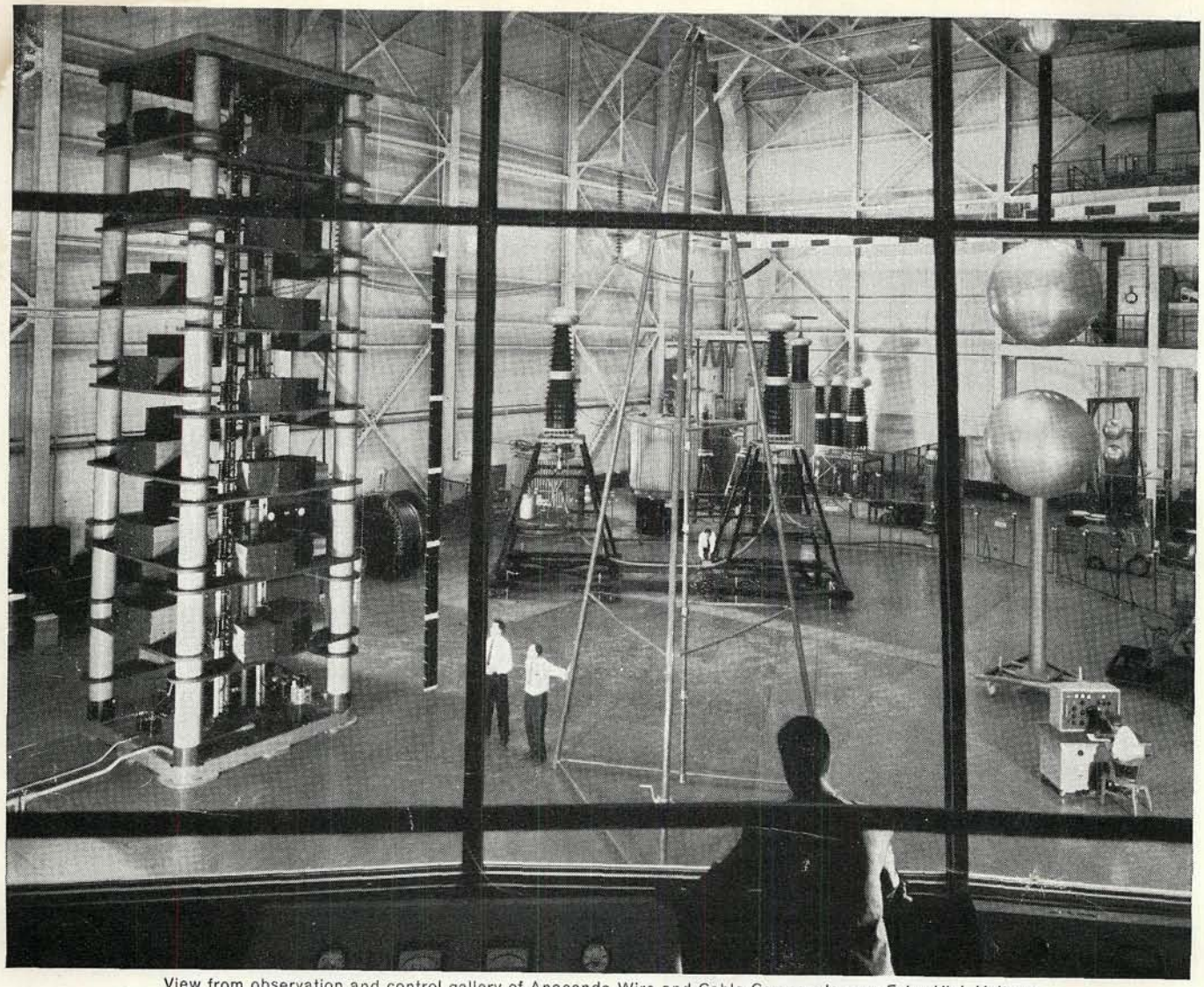

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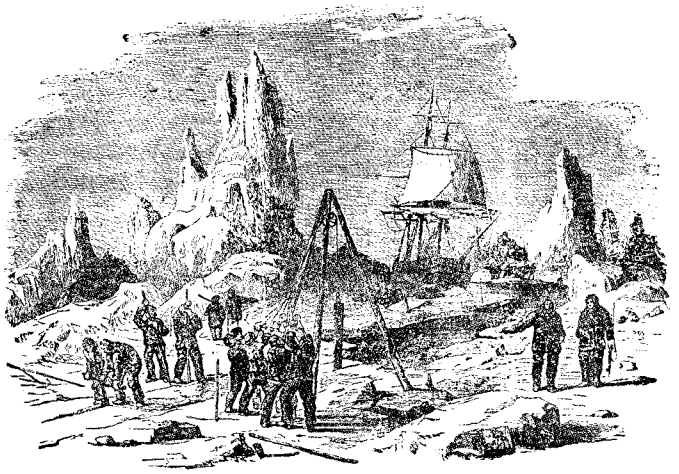
The Time Table for the Irish Geophysical Year Expedition

ON TO McMURDO Sd!



[WORLD SCENE]

Yes, the first Irish Geophysical Year Expedition is preparing to push off to Antarctica or so we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] understand. Good news, good news to know our spirit of scientific enquiry at last will crystallize, if only into ice. The purpose of the expedition—we explained it last time but it will do no harm to cover it again, we suppose—is the study of "How Today's Man Relates To The Irish Whiskey Around Him." And why some relate more than others. And how to encourage this healthy interaction. Call it an anthropological expedition, except there are no native cultures down there and you must bring along your own; otherwise it would be a wild penguin chase don't you see? You'll note that the Recruitment and I.D. Card Application Form shown asks you to state whether you are Irish Whiskey Drinkers or *Non*-Irish Whiskey Drinkers. The latter will form the Control Group once at McMurdo but should [for scientific reasons] proceed there on their own independent of the various south-bound parties of burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey Drinkers, attractive travelling companions though they may be. Once you have arrived at Little Ireland the following time table may be useful:

First Day:	Set up camp; *divide* party as follows: Wood Gatherers, Irish Whiskey Drinkers, Control Group, Nurses.
Second Day:	Set up scientific instruments.
Third Day:	Turn scientific instruments "on."
Fourth Day:	Irish Whiskey Drinkers pair off with Control Group for one-to-one indoctrination.
Fifth Day:	Control Group report to Canteen; buy Irish Whiskey. Unsupervised activity.
Sixth Day:	Organize softball league, Irish Coffee Fanciers vs. Irish Whiskey Purists; Control Group vs. Canteen Staff; or Nurses against the rest of the camp. Losers stand treat.
Last Day:	Police area: Wood Gatherers pick up empties.

Bon voyage! Meanwhile, the paper work:

IRISH GEOPHYSICAL YEAR
EXPEDITION RECRUITMENT FORM

Whiskey Distillers of Ireland
Box B1865, Dublin (Air Mail: 15c; Ship 8c; Post Card: 5c)

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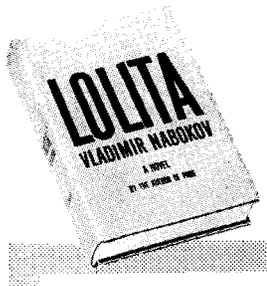

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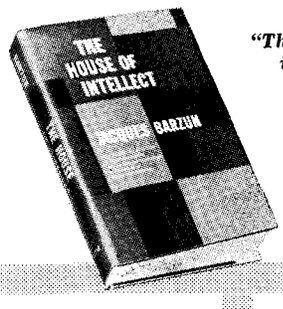

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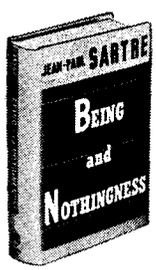

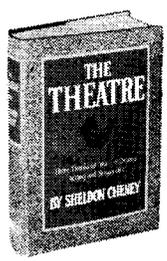

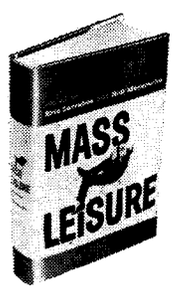

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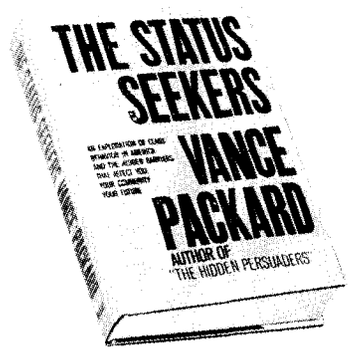

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TRADE Winds

PLEASE HOLD ON tight for this one. Ray Ward of Miami writes: "Strange and cool is a book now rumored in the making. The author, Dmitri Dmitrivich, is a missile guider who has been riding the underside of towed missiles during recent Russian test flights."

It works like this: a test missile is placed on the runway in a horizontal position. Next, a plane speeds along and picks up the missile by a system of grappling hooks, with Dmitrivich encased in a plastic blister on the underside of the now-towed missile.

When the plane reaches the correct location in relation to target, Dmitri fires the missile and at the same time the plastic blister is released into a precarious trajectory from which the intrepid man is rescued by the grappling hooks of the plane.

Professor Ward says that the book telling about all this will come out in time for the Christmas market. The title is "Under the Missile Tow."

WHILE WE'RE IN orbit, I must apologize to University Books for making a slighting reference a while back to "They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers." A copy of it has now reached my desk, and it appears that the book has gone through half a dozen printings since the first one in 1956. This dispels any doubts I had about the existence of such a book. In fact, if I had kept my eyes open watching that John Van Druten movie about bell, book, and candle, I would have noticed that Jimmy Stewart's bookcase was filled with copies of TKTMAFS. Well, if they want you to look at a bookcase, why do they cast Kim Novak in the same motion picture?

MY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS reporter, Alden Todd, rummaged through the catalogue there under "F" for flying saucers and has supplied me with enough book titles on the subject.

The author of "The Flying Saucer Conspiracy" tells about the dirty work afoot. For the skeptics there are such volumes as: "Flying Saucers Are Real," "Flying Saucers Have Landed," "The Flying Saucer as I Saw it."

For the origins you may consult either "Flying Saucers From Mars" or "Flying Saucers from the Moon." It goes on and on, through "Saucer Diary," "Flying Saucers and Common Sense," and "Flying Saucers Uncensored." A good one is "The Saucers Speak!" Another deals with flying saucers and the Bible.

Sad to relate, Alden Todd has dropped from sight since he made this

survey for TW. The fact is, he knows too much about flying saucers. Or maybe he's working on a book to be called "Is the Library of Congress a Flying Saucer?"

I DON'T OFTEN run into an infantry lieutenant of the Israeli Army, and I even less often find one as pretty as Yaël Dayan, a mere twenty-year-old, with dark hair, nice grey eyes, and a good figure. Obviously, she was not wearing her helmet when I made these observations. She was, however, wearing it when at about nineteen she wrote "New Face in the Mirror" (World). Yaël tells me she worked on her novel early in the mornings when the other girls were cleaning the barracks.

Such goldbricking seems to have been justified, for the book raised a lot of controversy and sold well in her home country where it was said to have made the armed forces look bad. Now, just published here, it is predicted to have a big sale, what with Harry Golden calling Yaël Dayan the Françoise Sagan of Israel. I believe she has enough energy to wriggle out of that comparison, although it should give her more encouragement than the remark Tennessee Williams made to her last week at a party in New York.

"Why don't you give up writing," he suggested. "You're so pretty."

This kind of thing makes the girl uneasy. "No one pays attention to my real talents," she complained to me.

One of her real talents is her skill at eating corn on the cob. She convinced me that her language, Hebrew, written from right to left, is written in the authentic direction. English, indeed, is written backwards, she explained. To prove that right to left is the natural way of doing things, she ate an ear of corn in that direction. I tried it; it is very difficult.

Yaël Dayan incidentally, first wrote her book in English. The opposite, that is, from corn, Hebrew, etc.

SOME REALLY LIVE-WIRE business firms in England have found that some of

dégagé

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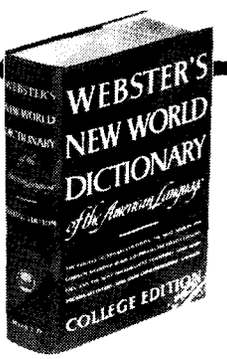
Seize the moment of excited curiosity -and consult the dictionary



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their executives don't have a very good sense of humor. They have been laughing halfway through a client's story by mistake, it is said, or they haven't been laughing at all. To correct this awful situation, there has been devised a test that is given to would-be executives when they apply for a position. If they flunk, presumably they don't get the job.

The test, on which I did very poorly, consists of ten jokes in which you have your choice of punch lines. Woe to him who picks the wrong punch line. Here are two samples:

1. Cable to Scotsman whose wife had been lost at sea after a shipwreck: "Wife's body found attached to rare fish for which the British Museum offers £400." He replied:

(a) Accept the offer and reset the bait.
(b) Sell fish to highest bidder.
(c) No more fish stories.
(d) My wife always said she could catch anything.

2. Herbert: "Would you marry an idiot for the sake of his money?"

(a) Of course not.
(b) How much does he have?
(c) I'd try anything once.
(d) Oh, this is so sudden.

In case you are still with us, British executives should have chosen 1(a) and 2(d).

IT IS PROBABLY INEVITABLE that a psychiatrist who has written professional articles and books on the subject, who has played timpani in symphony orchestras, who has published humorous poetry in magazines such as *The New Yorker* and Ellery Queen's *Mystery Magazine*, who has for twenty-seven years contributed crossword puzzles to *The New York Times* and others—it is probably inevitable that he would eventually write a suspense novel.

And that's what Dr. James A. Brussel has done. Called "Just Murder, Darling" (Scribner's), it was done, he says, "partly because I thought it was high time the villain came out better than second best."

Analyzing the principal character and the theme, Dr. Brussel says that his novel presents the eye-for-an-eye philosophy of a paranoid. He ought to know. I know that there's a nifty homicide in the beginning of the book and an unnerving story that unfolds afterwards. The author's wife knows it, too. She read the finished manuscript one day, and didn't say much. Late that night after a cup of coffee in the kitchen, when the couple started on their way upstairs, she hung back and said,

"No, Jim, you go first."

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Now David Niven is bandying about the word "fey." He

HUSBANDS, ANYONE?

It has been alleged that coeds go to college for the sole purpose of finding husbands. This is, of course, an infamous canard, and I give fair warning that, small and spongy as I am, anybody who says such a dastardly thing when I am around had better be prepared for a sound thrashing!

Girls go to college for precisely the same reasons as men do: to broaden their horizons, to lengthen their vistas, to drink at the fount of wisdom. But if, by pure chance, while a girl is engaged in these meritorious pursuits, a likely looking husband should pop into view, why, what's wrong with that? Eh? What's wrong with that?

The question now arises, what should a girl look for in a husband? A great deal has been written on this subject. Some say character is most important, some say background, some say appearance, some say education. All are wrong.

The most important thing—bar none—in a husband is health. Though he be handsome as Apollo and rich as Croesus, what good is he if he just lies around all day accumulating bedsores?

The very first thing to do upon meeting a man is to make sure he is sound of wind and limb. Before he has a chance to sweet-talk you, slap a thermometer in his mouth, roll back his eyelids, yank out his tongue, rap his patella, palpate his thorax, ask him to straighten out a horseshoe with his teeth. If he fails these simple tests, phone for an ambulance and go on to the next prospect.

If, however, he turns out to be physically fit, proceed to the second most important requirement in a husband. I refer to a sense of humor.

A man who can't take a joke is a man to be avoided. There are several simple tests to find out whether your prospect can take a joke or not. You can, for example, slash his tires. Or burn his "Mad" comics. Or steal his switchblade. Or turn loose his pet raccoon. Or shave his head.

After each of these good-natured pranks, laugh gaily and shout "April Fool!" If he replies, "But this is February nineteenth," or something equally churlish, cross him off your list and give thanks you found out in time.

But if he laughs silverly and calls you "Little minx!" put him to the next test. Find out whether he is kindly.

The quickest way to ascertain his kindliness is, of course, to look at the cigarette he smokes. Is it mild? Is it clement? Is it humane? Does it minister tenderly to the psyche? Does it coddle the synapses? Is it a good companion? Is it genial? Is it bright and friendly and full of dulcet pleasure from cockcrow till the heart of darkness?

Is it, in short, Philip Morris?

If Philip Morris it be, then clasp the man to your bosom with hoops of steel,

for you may be sure that he is kindly as a summer breeze, kindly as a mother's kiss, kindly to his very marrow.

And now, having found a man who is kindly and healthy and blessed with a sense of humor, the only thing that remains is to make sure he will always earn a handsome living. That, fortunately, is easy. Just enroll him in engineering.

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says in *Look* magazine that Cary Grant is fey. In fact, he says that Mrs. Cary Grant is fey, also. Maybe this has something to do with their being separated. All I can do is offer my congratulations to the "Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary" (Doubleday), which has ignored the word "fey" completely. That's what we all should do until we can find out what it is supposed to mean.

► Melva Weber wants to own a demolition firm called Edifice Wrecks, Inc.

► I am told that there is a retired baseball catcher in Florida named Charlie "Stopper" Lowden ("He stopped 'em all") who has a grand sense of humor at the age of eighty-two. The other day he saw a shopper

pass by and observed "There goes that fellow home with six loaves of bread and I'll bet there isn't a bottle of liquor in the house."

► Eugene Vale assures me that the way to get a bum check accepted is to say, "Let me know if this bounces."

► Bob De Haven of Minneapolis's WCCO found this in "Rules of Lawn Tennis," 1959, Rule 7, note (b), page 268: "The word 'foot' means the extremity of the leg below the ankle."

► I heard about a fellow who was trying to fix a door that didn't hang right. "Hey, son," he called to his boy, "get me a screwdriver, will you, please?" After what seemed like a terribly long time the youngster came back and said apologetically,

"Gee, Dad, I've got the orange juice but I can't find the vodka."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1327)

(Wes) Lawrence:

NAMES FOR FAMILY CARS

(Columnist in Cleveland *Plain Dealer*)

We should produce some appropriate sobriquets for our family wagons. For my ancient model I reserve the nickname Old Scratch. How about Skid Roll, Automatic Viper, Ancient Tyre, Elephant Trunk, Finny Ann's Rainbow, Roamin' Colosseum, New Squeak?

FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

IT WAS a confusing month politically. Early in the month, everybody had his mind on the 1960 polls—the Gallup Polls, of course. First, Rockefeller was quoted as saying that he would make up his mind whether or not to run on the basis of what the polls were saying in November. Then Nixon said the polls wouldn't influence him at all. "In one respect," he said, "I'm like Harry Truman. I believe the only poll that counts is on election day." Then Rockefeller came back and said that he had been misquoted and that the polls would not be a controlling factor in his decision. Somehow it seemed rather mean on poor old Dr. Gallup. After all, as Goodman Ace once said, "Polls are read by everybody in the country, from the farmer in the field all the way up to Tom Dewey, President of the United States."

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As an old Galluper (in the Forties, back in the days when you really had to poll them) we recall working the Arizona territory for Dr. Gallup. We worked out of Prescott, of course (which was a good Boston-named town), and every two weeks or so we had to get answers from fourteen people, two of whom were supposed to be rich, four medium, two poor, two very poor, and two definitely on relief. (It was shortly after the *Literary Digest* fiasco—when apparently the *Digest* had polled too high and Dr. Gallup wanted to be very careful to get down to the root of the grass roots.) Obviously, however, it was sheer madness to go down the streets saying, "Pardon me sir, are you on relief?" So all of us pollsters managed to corral a couple of regular reliefers, whom we rounded up every poll time. Nowadays, we suppose it's all changed—two upper-medium-upper, four lower-upper-medium, four upper-lower-medium, two upper-medium-lower and two medium-lower-lower, or something like that. But we have a sneaking suspicion it all comes out pretty much the same—and will continue to do so until one fine day when it won't.

One thing was certain, Senator Kennedy was still the odds-on candidate of *Time* and *Life*. For a while it looked as if Nixon in Russia and Rockefeller in Norway would take the play away from him, but no—in the August 24 issue, there were Jack and Jackie again, big as life, on the cover and for seven solid pages. Somehow, between the polls and the editors, there hardly seemed any reason to trust such an important decision as choosing the President to a mere electorate. Meanwhile, the press elsewhere was having a field day in the land of the fjords. Not since Grace Kelly's wedding, which was covered by 1,600 pressers (more than attended D-Day), has anything been so blanketed. The only thing that disturbed us was the tuxedo that the hometown fisherman-tailor couldn't get to Steven on time. He had to borrow one he had made for the wedding of a local boy. That boy didn't get *his* on time either—not until *after* the wedding. Nowadays, you just can't get anybody to do anything—for love or press.

• • •

Once more it was a month of relatively good feeling. "Strontium 90, humanity 0," said one cynic. But our favorite quote came from New York's Mrs. William Breed, who announced she had cancelled her trip to Russia because "there are too many Americans there." We had a first-hand account of this from a distinguished friend of ours who, back from Russia, told us he had decided to give a group of camera-carrying fellow Americans something they hadn't bargained for. Approaching them, he asked politely, "Americanski?" When they admitted they were, he asked, "*Chto slishnu o* Mickey Mantle?" Amazed, the Americans asked the man what he knew about Mantle. Their "Russian" knew, it seemed, everything, including his "tape-measure" home runs. "*Chto slishnu o* Yankees?" he wanted to know, "o Berra, o McDougald, o Kubek?" By this time totally amazed, they asked the man what other teams he knew about. When, in perfect English, he had gone down the batting averages of the Giants, the Dodgers and the Braves, the Americans had had enough. Our friend never let on—and he sent at least one group of Americans home with some thoughts not only about Russian know-how, but know-who.

• • •

For our own vacation, we headed off to Mackinac Island (pronounced

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Mackinaw), in Northern Michigan. It is one of the last bastions of the past and a sturdy refugee from the present. Located in the state that made the automobile famous, it nonetheless allows no automobiles. But on our very first horse-taxi ride, we were brought up short when we asked the driver who was handling a spanking pair if his horses always pulled evenly. "No," he said, "in every pair, there is always one Democrat." Later we attended one of the regular Monday night seminars presided over by W. Stewart Woodfill, patriarch of the island and owner of the largest summer hotel in the world. Together with an assemblage including Woodfill, Mrs. G. Mennen Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Cudahy, the Rev. Porters, *père* and *fils*, Mr. Hayden of *The Detroit News*, and Professor Petersen of the University of Chicago (Woodfill put large signs over the chairs of all professors, ministers and authors reading "egghead") we spent several hours discussing the subject. "What is Progress?" We all agreed that whatever it was, it wasn't what it used to be.

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Back in New York, we arrived in town for the Great Power Failure—one which for some thirteen hours, from 3 P.M. to 4 A.M. plunged some five square miles of the city into total blackness. It was one thing, we found, to do without automobiles. It was

quite another to do without lights. To some people the city looked like a ghost town. To others it loked like East Berlin. Even the cab drivers, however, forgot politics and became poetic—we had one who compared the sight to "those little towns the trains used to go through at night when you were young." There was irony too, though, particularly when late that night Con-Edison took time off to apologize for the inconvenience. But the people affected, of course, didn't even know about the apology—it came over television.

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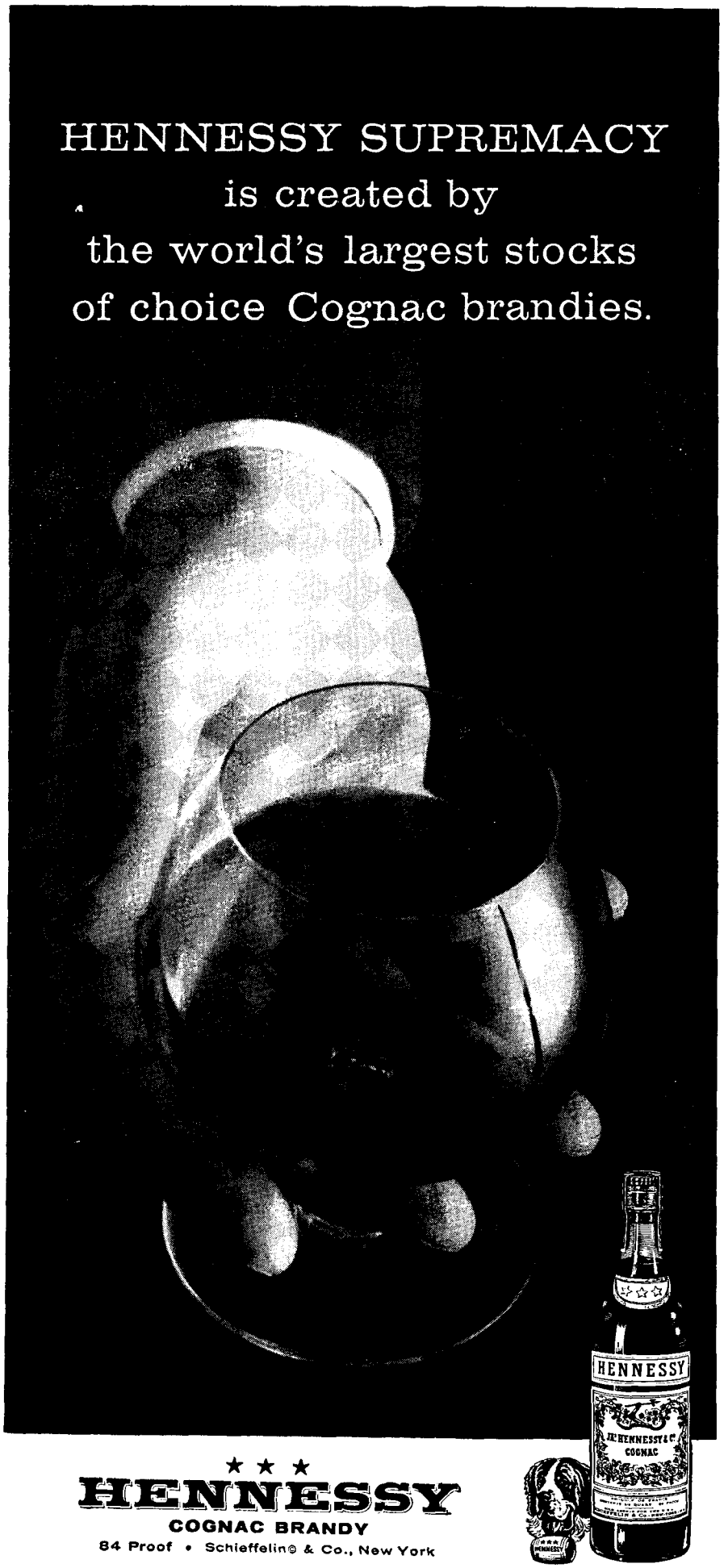

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Can you afford a wage increase in Steel?

This is a question of vital concern to 177,000,000 Americans

An inflationary wage increase in steel today would mean higher living costs for everyone.

This would happen even if there were no increases in steel prices.

You may wonder how this could be true. Here are the reasons why:

1. The giant Steel Union has 500,000 members in the basic steel industry and another 500,000 members in over 1,800 companies, other than steel, with which it has wage agreements.

These companies make many articles in every day use—tin cans, aluminum, pork and beans, cement, paper containers, radiators, building materials, machinery, bicycles, and hundreds of others.

The Union keys wage increases in these companies to the wage increases in steel. As their employment costs mount, most of these companies are forced to increase their prices. This is the first blow to your family budget.

2. The next blow comes in any industrial community where these companies are dominant in the economy. Gas stations, garages, retail stores, barber shops, factories of every description soon feel the pressure for higher wages all along the line. Their prices inevitably must be raised to cover higher employment costs.

3. The third blow to your pocketbook is due to the fact that wage agreements in steel, or in any other major industry, set the wage target for industries throughout the country—industries in hundreds of lines and hundreds of localities.

Right now, the average earnings of steel workers are $7 a day higher than the average for all manufacturing industries. So other unions scramble to close that gap—to "catch up" with steel. And the inflationary spiral continues.

These are the reasons why higher steel wages now would cause your cost of living to go up and up, even without any increase in steel prices.

Does the steel companies' stand for non-inflationary wage agreements mean an end to advancement for steelworkers?

Certainly not.

The steel companies want their employees to improve their living standards. And this goal for employees can be reached in many ways—through incentive payments, through savings from elimination of waste, and through better and better production methods.

But living standards cannot be improved through more inflation.

The steel companies are seeking the co-operation of the Union in settling the strike on terms which will avoid touching off a new spiral of inflation.

THE STEEL COMPANIES COORDINATING COMMITTEE

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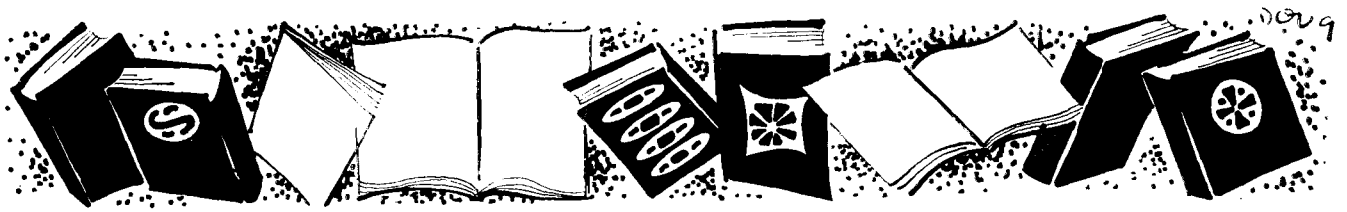
Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 5, 1959

IS THERE AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC LITERATURE?



By THOMAS P. COFFEY, *who is a well-known Catholic writer and editor. He has taught philosophy at Fordham University and St. Peter's College. He has written for* The Anglican Theological Review *and other magazines, and he is the author of "A Popular History of Heresies." At present, he is the special-projects editor for The World Publishing Company.*

IN THE fullest sense of the terms involved, there is really no *American Catholic literature.* There is much of the nervous forms of defense-writing and attack-propaganda; there is here and there a book of rather high merit; but there is really no gripping body of American Catholic writing. Our articles, poems, novels, biographies are, of course, as plentiful as hot dogs at Coney Island. We might add that they are equally indigestible and sometimes even dangerous. They do not manifest that higher pitch of self-being, always characteristic of good writing, that is in possession of itself and of the world. They do not communicate a certain stress involved in the vision of the past or in the sense of the present as these unfold into the dark, mysterious future.

That this is so becomes all the more evident when we consider that there is not now (nor has there been) a major American Catholic writer. Every year, of course, the publishers whoop up a campaign for some newcomer to the literary scene. Such annual campaigns, ordinarily conducted ir color plates and big type, show all the signs of the home-town frolic. No informed person ever takes them too seriously; but while they last, everyone from newspaper editors to college presidents to parish priests is willing to share in the fun.

The trouble is that all this fun has resulted in the enervation of the American Catholic writer. He has been asked countless times to tell the story of his conversion to the faith or to repel the forces of some heresy that died in the late Middle Ages. But he never gets around to the *serious* business of the writer, which is to write. He is never allowed, in the face of his destiny and his hour, to summon up the experiences of his past so that, confronted with the tremendous mystery of man and of the actual moment, he may unfold his consciousness and personal talents and live within history.

The difficulty, at its root, is that the American Catholic culture, as it stands, is opposed to the encouragement of a distinctive literature. Perhaps there are certain signs of change and good ground for hope in the future. But if we are to speak of the present, there is no real literary élan in American Catholic society. There is none of the dash, impetus, ardor (and what shall we call it) that must be within the heart of a literature that is authentically challenging, provocative, or original in the truest literary sense. There is not even an understanding, here in America, of the fullest Catholic vision of things. As Father Walter Ong has shown in "Frontiers in American Catholicism," "the Catholic intellectual effort in America remains medieval in focus and intent by comparison not only with the Protestant American effort, but also by comparison with the efforts of Catholics in European countries."

In recognizing the really commonplace fact that there is no American Catholic literature, we are immediately faced with a problem, perhaps it should be called a contradiction, of the first importance. Here (it might be said) is a group of Catholics who, by virtue of their professed theology, are to be progressive and liberal—this must come as a shock to those unfamiliar with Catholic theology—existing in a nation whose whole genius, it seems, lies in adaptability and constant revolution; yet this same group, in cultural matters, forms the most conservative Catholic group in the world, is much more conservative, in fact, than groups at the very geographical center itself of the Catholic world.

THIS ultra-conservative body regularly issues its propaganda. And of this propaganda, as I have already said, we have plenty. There is so much propaganda that many sincere

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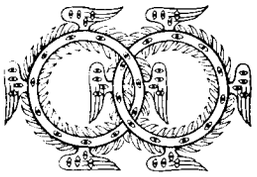
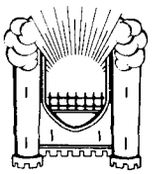


non-Catholics believe that this is what an American Catholic literature ought to be. What is more significant, they are coming to despise Catholics for such a narrow-minded, iconoclastic view with all the cultural deterioration it implies. They see the infantile pietism that permeates our magazines as well as our churches. They regard the clericalism that is omnipresent in the headlines and major columns of our Catholic newspapers. They observe the charming medieval lore that infests our scholarly journals. They notice the general unconcern among Catholics with what are regarded as "passing things" and what I recently heard called the "sepulchre of time." They view the ever mounting pile of convert novels. They consider an all-pervasive Mariolatry—some non-Catholics are getting a better sense of what belongs to the Catholic tradition in this respect than Catholics have—commingled, strangely enough, with authentic Catholic theology.

They also see, on the other hand, an anti-clerical, anti-body reaction that so often attacks the institutional character of the Church, even feeds on it, that many of them believe there is no more than this. Others perceive, perhaps more realistically, that the anti-clericals are often enamored of the institutional order alone, forgetting evolutional aspects of the Church's life. It is for this reason, incidentally, that the *Index* of American anti-clericals might be embarrassing even to a Torquemada.

Whatever else is to be said of these developments, the very least is that they corrupt the mainsprings of a literature that could be called "American and Catholic." And why? Because they turn the writer against himself, give him a mask to cover his real personality, and hamper rather than enrich his literary life. They divorce what Paul Valery has called "the three distinct persons in every writer: the producer, the man of taste, and the technician." "It is," said Valery, "the producer who provides the material; it is the man of taste who chooses therefrom; it is the technician who molds it into form." The Catholic cultural situation here in America has separated these persons from one another in their vital unity in the writer. It leaves us with producers, with people who can churn out miles of literary garbage. It leaves us with aestheticians, Ivy-League pedants who are willing to sacrifice their manhood and its claims on the altar of finesse. It leaves us with moral or literary experts who throw a thick blanket of snow over the landscape of man and the mind-wrenching problems man must encounter in the confrontation of the real.

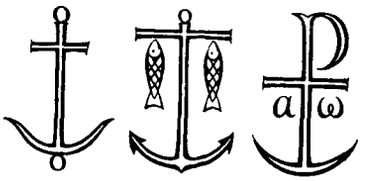
We observe, then, in the American



Catholic literary world some rather discouraging developments. Bishop Fulton J. Sheen twists and tortures Catholic and Biblical doctrine into metaphors which, as they manipulate truths, empty them of all but their emotional content. Jim Bishop seems to reduce the life of Christ to an angle, a climax, a little drama with a "kicker" at the end. Scores of other pseudo-historians have made the great men of the Christian past into enormous bores—people who, after martyrdom, sometimes, in their physical lives, are now exposed to even greater torture in their literary ones. There are also the Bittles and the Glenns and others whose books Catholics used in their college days but soon put back on the shelf, thinking philosophy to be the supreme hoax. Then there are the moralists who try to domesticate psychiatry or condemn psychiatry but who fail in either case to recognize the science for what it is, apart from the Sermon on the Mount and in itself. Add to these the apologist who attempts to total up statistics, from whatever direction they come, and who does not see that the quantitative element in a fact is a waxed nose and can be twisted in any way the mind desires.

When we come down a few rungs in the literary scale, we deal with what might be called, roughly, "socio-cultural" writing. Here we encounter the Canon lawyer trying to solve the modern problem of Church and state by the medieval formula—one which skillfully avoids the inconvenience of contemporary Western development. There are also the columnists of the Catholic newspapers and magazines —"Joe" Breig, Louis Budenz, "Dan" Herr, and other pundits—who make Christianity to be a kind of festoon for observations that divides all men into the "we's" and "they's." There are also those who try to tell Catholics which movies they *must not see*—as if this were possible—and who evaluate books dealing with matters from prehistory to modern biology in terms of the "great success" of the Middle Ages.

And what is the result of all this "literary" effort? As Valery said: "If you are only a formalist, people yawn. If you are only a man of taste, you despair of yourself. And if you are only a producer, you go under." This is true of the American Catholic writers: they have made people yawn, they have despaired of themselves, or they have simply gone under. If we pass by the bumbling apologists, the soulless preachers, and the effete scholastics that we see here in America, we must admit that there are some able producers. There are some people who, if they are not first-rate scholars, are at least in touch with authentic Catholic teaching. But they



do not have the taste to adapt it to the American situation nor the technical skill to achieve a lasting work. The reverse situation also occurs, though less frequently.

We come, then, to stating the all-embracing obstacle to Catholic literature here in America. It is not that this literature is Celtic, or French, or Latin, though it may be termed each from certain points of view. It is not that it is young, for it does not have the signs of youth. It is not that it is the literature of a cultural minority. It is rather that it emphasizes the clerical and institutional character of the Church, wishes to return to another age rather than make its home in the present world, and refuses to see the "logoi spermatikoi," the seeds of truth that are scattered in the world around it.

Let me apply my analysis of the American Catholic situation to three distinct areas within the field of Catholic writing in this country today. The examples I shall choose are not exceptional, though factors involved in the situations I shall describe more often pervade the Catholic mentality here in a more subtle way.

I shall first consider book reviews on the American Catholic scene. In February, 1958, an important and distinctive book dealing with the worship of the Catholic church was published here. This volume was Father H. A. Reinhold's "The American Parish and the Roman Liturgy." A priest-reviewer demonstrated a

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frightening case of a head-in-the-sands attitude in his editorial comments of this volume:

> It (the book) is a studied and conscious effort to represent the liturgy as a way of life that accords with the modern liberal doctrines of man as being a collective animal and morally essentially perfectible.

It would not be to the point to recall for such a reviewer that Christianity itself is founded on the fact that man is essentially and morally perfectible. Nor would it be worthwhile to examine the reviewer's contention that there are "new and highly refined tenets of liberalism" in the study; the work is a careful study, accompanied by a ecclesiastical imprimatur, of both ancient Roman practice and Catholic teaching. Still, it is difficult to let pass the later charge that the book is communistic. This, in fact, is what the reviewer asserts when he says that Father Reinhold's statement: "the liturgy involves a total engagement of the person" means that "man, especially modern man, craves submergence in a collectivity." Father Reinhold had spoken in his book of "incorporation into the redemption."

This the reviewer sees as a cryptic thesis and explains that it means opposition to "the teaching magisterium of the Church, its doctrine, and its ruling magisterium." He holds that Father Reinhold is therefore opposed to the "American hierarchy, the American Catholic education set-up, the American Catholic publishing business with, of course, a few pet exceptions, the American Catholic seminary system, and everything else that combines to form and inform the American parish." Actually the book in question did not refer to these matters. I very much hope that Father Reinhold will some day write a book on all the subjects to which the reviewer referred. Now, however, I can only note that, if the priest-reviewer went to special trouble to underline all these things, it is only because they compose the illusory battle field or the besieged fortress where he has chosen to live.

It would be nice to push aside this review as merely incompetent. But the retrograde attitude in the writing is so generally prevalent, its fear of honest self-appraisal and change so neurotic, that one cannot laugh at the effects such a review can have in its Sunday appearance among Catholic people. These effects cannot be dismissed cavalierly. Multiply their receipt around the country and one can easily realize the difficulties Catholics will have in achieving adaptability of the faith to the modern scene, adjustment to something intellectually and socially higher, awareness of all that constitutes progress. The irony is that progress is not only demanded by history but often a part of the Papal plan for the renewal of the Church.

If every time someone opens his mouth in favor of the greater life of the Church, there is only to be another turn of the medieval screw, increased denunciation and declaiming in favor of the hierarchy and expressions of fear about the littlest ones in the flock, then there will never be any creative American Catholic life. The world, so far as the American Catholic Church is concerned, can go hang with every individual in a special soundproof booth. Negativism and witch-hunts will be the order of the day. One might wonder in this context with Mr. Gerard E. Sherry whether "a readership which is fed solely on a diet of anti-communism will (not) surely die of spiritual malnutrition." (*America*, February 1, 1958).

In addition to the problem of book reviewers, there is also the matter of ecclesiastical approbation: the censor's office. Surely the censors' offices of certain dioceses are holding a financial club over the head of pub-

lishers when they insist on receiving, for consideration of the imprimatur, material in galley or page-proof stage of publication. At that time it will be quite expensive to reset the book, eliminating what are considered "risky" sentences. And one can be assured that the intelligent editor or reader has let few, if any, such statements slip by, unnoticed.

But is such a policy based on the directives of prudence, taken in all its deeper implications? Or is it based on a policy of equity to the author. It certainly seems like a fair policy to the writer and to the Church that the imprimatur be granted before a book is set up in type. This not only avoids intense embarrassment for an author but unnecessary confusion and delay on the part of coöperative publishers.

Apart from the question of when the imprimatur is granted and the antecedent conservatism such a practice entails on the part of a conscientious writer or editor, there is the important matter of "scandal." "This or that," it is said, "will upset the faith of the many." Certainly a number of writers have grounds for being scandalized at what is oftentimes regarded as "scandal for the many." I know of one author who was not permitted to say that "Pope Alexander VI was hoisted on to the papal throne." This was assuredly among the least of that prelate's many machinations. Another writer has told me he could not speak of "an orgy of lobbying in the Vatican" when such, historically, is what he meant to identify. And from other people, I have heard, from time to time, of objections to such terms as "Roman Christianity," "theological prepossessions" and "the watchdogs (of theology) ravaged him." These expressions and others of similar import deal with linguistic or historical matters. They do not concern Catholic dogma. But given the psychological, emotional, and cultural experience of the American Catholic puritan, these terms are given an altogether ultimate significance so that the imprimatur is withheld from an otherwise quite acceptable book. Here we find Catholicity made a circle of this or that dimension rather than an expanding fulness of life that is able to absorb the shock that flesh and change are heirs to.

To be a Catholic, says Father Delubac, "it is necessary to have a mind that is larger than one's own ideas." Such a mind, we might add, is alone able to do justice to creation and to history and to the play of the intellect on that necessary area of freedom which creative art always requires. Ultra-conservation and negativism are all the more repellent in that the thing to which the Church opposes herself—the religious sec-

tionalism, the secular without God—began, at a measurable moment, within the Church when these very weaknesses were altogether too prevalent. Clericalism, anti-intellectualism, selfishness—these brought about the moment of indignation and revolt,

(*Continued on page* 42)

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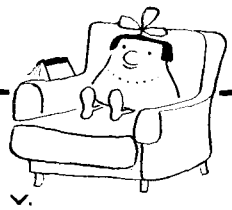

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Art of Biography

By Granville Hicks

IN 1953 Leon Edel, professor of English at New York University, published "Henry James: The Untried Years," the first of three volumes to be devoted to the novelist. His experiences in writing the life of a man of letters interested him in literary biography, and it was to this subject that he devoted the 1956 Alexander Lectures at the University of Toronto. **"Literary Biography,"** which was published in Canada and England in 1957, has now been made available in this country (Doubleday-Anchor, paper, 95¢).

"It seemed to me," he says in the preface, "that this branch of biography had never been sufficiently isolated from the general discussion of the biographical art." Yet he quickly goes on to admit: "Obviously all the practices and traditions of biography apply to this particular kind of biographical writing: the differences between it and other categories reside essentially in the nature of the subject and corollary questions of emphasis and shading." The book, then, is a study of biography in general, with special attention to the problems that arise when the subject is a writer.

Edel begins by pointing out that although there was biographical writing in early times, biography, in our sense of the term, has developed in the past two centuries. Boswell's "Johnson" was one of the earliest as well as one of the greatest biographies. Boswell not only had the advantage of knowing Johnson; he found ways, as Edel amusingly shows, of maneuvering his hero into situations that would make good copy.

But if Boswell could be a reporter and stage manager, most biographers are research men. Today great masses —sometimes whole libraries—of documents are available, and tomorrow, as Edel observes, the problem will be worse: "I hesitate to think of what lies ahead: when the biographer will find confronting him radio transcripts, recorded telephone calls, and tape recordings of interviews, as well as film strips and kinescopes preserving television appearances." At the same time the biographer has to be something of a detective. There are still men who try to cover their tracks; Henry James was one of them, and Edel describes some of his own feats of detection. But even when there has been no attempt at concealment, an obscure fact, ingeniously ferreted out, may prove more revealing than stacks of documents.

With the man of letters there is, of course, the special problem of the use that can and should be made of his writings. Today, Edel reminds us, we have a school of critics who rigorously set the writings apart from the writer. For them the text is sacred; it cannot be used as a source of biographical information, and all biographical information is irrelevant to the understanding of it.

This type of criticism is a reaction against the excessive preoccupation with biographical and historical data, and insofar as it has focused attention on the thing created rather than on the circumstances of creation, it has been a healthy influence. But the dogma as a dogma is untenable, from either the critic's point of view or the biographer's. The critic can use all the insight he can get, and the poet may be a clue to the poem. On the other hand—and this is Edel's main point—the observer can surely find the poet in the poetry if he knows how to look. To show what he means, Edel examines certain of T. S. Eliot's poems, finding in them a revealing kind of spiritual autobiography. This sort of evidence the biographer cannot afford to ignore.

SOME other kinds of evidence are less dependable. What, Edel asks, of psychoanalysis? Its techniques, he answers, can be helpful, but they have to be used with caution, and, to illustrate, he examines the problem of Willa Cather's "The Professor's House." First he sets forth E. K. Brown's purely literary analysis of the novel, and shows that, although it is sound as far as it goes, it leaves questions unanswered. He then offers a psychoanalytical interpretation, which helps us to understand Professor St. Cloud's dilemma, but only in general terms. Finally he relates St. Cloud's difficulties to Miss Cather's, and by so doing clarifies the novel and helps to explain its weaknesses. "To arrive at this view," he concludes, "the biographer has had to unite the qualities of critic and psychoanalyst." But in point of fact Edel has drawn only a hint or two from the psychoanalytical technique, and I think that hints are all the biographer ought to expect.

In his last chapter Edel defines three types of biography:

> The first and most common is the traditional documentary biography, an integrated work in which the biographer arranges the materials—Boswell did this—so as to allow the voice of the subject to be heard constantly. . . . The second type of biography is the creation, in words, of something akin to the painter's portrait. Here the picture is somewhat more circumscribed; it is carefully sketched in, and a frame is placed around it. The third type, which has been fashioned increasingly in our time, is one in which materials are melted down and in which the biographer is present in the work as omniscient narrator.

It is with the third variety that Edel is chiefly concerned, and he discusses the suitability of certain techniques of fiction, especially in the treatment of time.

Edel surprises me by speaking of critical biography as a hybrid and an accident. Critical biography seems to me the most interesting kind of literary biography, a kind that has been written with notable success in recent years. Think, for instance, of Newton Arvin's "Melville," Mark Van Doren's "Hawthorne," F. W. Dupee's "Henry James," and other volumes in the American Men of Letters Series. In critical biography the biographer not only approaches the writer by way of his writings; he treats the writings as the most important part of the life, the great central fact. This means that such a biographer must be a first-rate critic, but I should think that it was almost always a mistake for anyone but a good critic to write the life of a man of letters, and, in view of what Edel says about the fruitful relationship between criticism and biography, I should expect him to agree.

But this is a minor objection to an enlightening, entertaining study. Edel writes with humor and charm, and he is adroit in the use of illustrative material. Fundamentally, of course, he is completely serious. Art, he recognizes, is no substitute for scholarship: the biographer "needs above all to be a serious and painstaking questioner—in a word, an honest scholar." But, he tells us, in the shaping of the results of research art is indispensable.

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FICTION

Many Moods Have These Europeans

But Whether They React to Their Times With a Shrug or a Fist, They All Fight Man's Folly

1. Poland

"The Graveyard," by Marek Hlasko; *translated by Norbert Guterman (Dutton. 126 pp. $2.95), is a novel about Warsaw during the Stalin era, written by the young Polish author of "The Eighth Day of the Week." Alexander Janta, the executive director of the Paderewski Foundation, is a Polish-born poet, essayist, and lecturer, who has made America his home.*

By Alexander Janta

MAREK HLASKO, Poland's foremost angry young man, was born in Warsaw twenty-six years ago. His outlook on life has, by his own defiant admission, been shaped, not to say depraved, by the inhuman conditions in which men have lived for many years there. He first focused his attention on the living and loving habits of his young contemporaries in his collection of bitter yet brilliant short stories, which earned him promptly a leading Polish literary award. He was even hailed by some critics as the most accomplished exponent of the school of socialistic realism in Polish literature.

And yet his second book, containing two short novels, though conceived and written in a similar vein, could find no publisher in his homeland. Instead, it was presented by the emigré monthly *Kultura* in Paris and received this periodical's annual literary prize.

The first of these novels, "The Graveyard," is now presented to the American reader in a fluent translation by Norbert Guterman. Set in Warsaw during the Stalin era, it tells the story of the disintegration of a Communist Party member who, in a moment of drunkenness commits the crime, or so it was told him, of speaking aloud his opinion of the party and of the police. Not unlike the Biblical Job, and like him trying to cling to his faith, Kowalski suffers the gradual shattering of all his ideals and hopes, until—here the similarity ends—with the suicide of his beloved daughter, he escapes into some kind of submissive lunacy.

The world described by Hlasko shows an ever-present undercurrent of the absurd. Against this background, reminiscent at moments of the nightmarish visions of Kafka, if not of Orwell, the story moves as swiftly as a thriller.

Hlasko's lean, crisp prose has been compared to Hemingway's. His characters are in sharp focus, his ear for dialogue quick and keen. He draws his models and his situations from the reality that he knows well, and being the skilful craftsman he is, builds his story in a succession of well-designed, tense scenes until, far from following the school of socialistic realism, they dissolve in an apotheosis of nonsense.

The title of the book is best explained through the words of the utterly disillusioned wartime comrade of the hero, who says: "We wanted to take the road to life and we have come to a graveyard, we set for a promised land and all we see is a desert, we talked about justice and all we know is terror and despair."

Despite the essential grimness of the tale the book is at times roaringly amusing. The description of a party meeting at the automobile factory could have come from the pen of Mark Twain. There are more episodes deserving a similar comparison.

But the dominant tone of the novel is in the atmosphere of fear, of mutual suspicions, of reflexes conditioned to slogans and symbols until the search for a meaning of one's loyalties and even the effort to understand, becomes futile. "Everything described as beyond human understanding," Kowalski says, "is at bottom an absurdity and a lie, and a crime as well . . . not beyond man, but against man." And in another context: "In this accursed world, man, little as he is, has to be a giant; and in the actual relationship of forces everything else is tiny—the great construction projects, the dams, the canals, the Dneprostrois . . ."

Hlasko's testimony of men's struggle with the absurdity and the lie has strength, conviction, and freshness. His novel, "The Graveyard," is well-worth reading.

2. Germany

"Through the Night," by Hans Scholz; *translated by Elizabeth Abbott (Crowell. 350 pp. $5), presents a composite picture of postwar Germany, as seen through the eyes of several countrymen. Critic Claude Hill, the chairman of Rutgers University's graduate program in German, is the author of a forthcoming book on German expressionistic drama.*

By Claude Hill

CULTURAL life in West Germany still testifies to the destructive power of Hitler's terror and even a decade of Adenauer-Erhardt prosperity has not ignited any spiritual flames. There are over a hundred publicly supported, rebuilt, and splendidly equipped theatres, but there are practically no German playwrights of consequence. Germany far outranks the United States in the number of different books published annually, but only a handful of worthwhile new authors has emerged so far. It is, therefore, with considerable interest that one reads "Through the Night," a first novel by a hitherto unknown German who scored a great success recently in his native country.

Mr. Scholz's first book reveals a gift for words, a moderate flair for telling a yarn, and—most of all—a sharp ear for the vernacular. It is also obvious that the author is still an amateur in the craft of fiction: he is overly verbose, too dependent on his or his friends' actual experiences, and something less than subtle. If he ever writes a second book, his true literary stature will become manifest. In the meantime, we have to read him for background and atmosphere, *i.e.*, for the insight he gives into modern Germany. And it is here where Americans will find him the most rewarding.

Several friends meet "through the night" in the bar of a West Berlin hotel in 1954, each one telling an adventure that happened to him during

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or after the last war. In other words, this is no novel in a strict sense, but an anthology of unrelated episodes. The only connecting link is provided by the stag party itself, and to a lesser degree there is in the background the figure of a slim and beautiful Chilean girl, worshipped by each of the narrators. We get glimpses of the *Wehrmacht* in Russia and Norway, of an American prison camp after 1945, of East Germany today, and we absorb some of the self-kidding toughness of present-day Berlin. Commendable are Mr. Scholz's honesty and lack of self-pity. He does not spare his reader when he relates some of the horrors of Jewish extermination in Poland; he also satirizes the smug saturation of West Germany's economic-miracle society.

Although the author's special gift for reproducing speech patterns of various social classes and regional dialects has been somewhat lost in translation, the American version reads very well. Students of Germany ought to find this book absorbing. While not a great novel, "Through the Night" can be enjoyed as a kind of semi-documentary source material for the haunting problem of Germany. Often amusing, at times touching, always interesting, Mr. Scholz's narrative neither accuses nor defends. It reports. Implications and conclusions are strictly at the risk of the reader.

A few questions are likely to be raised by perceptive minds: to what extent are the nice gentlemen of the Jockey Club Bar representative of Germany? Is the curiously puerile, coy, retarded attitude toward women, noticeable in most of these males, significant for the sex life of *Homo Teutonicus?* What—if anything—can the world expect from these captives of Hitler, war, hunger, black market, occupation, and restoration? More than a polite shrug of the shoulder, the capacity for hard drinking, and private concern with personal survival? The reader is left to wonder, and Mr. Scholz wisely abstains from enlightening him.

3. France

"Balcony in the Forest," by Julien Gracq; *translated by Richard Howard (Braziller, 214 pp. $3.75). tells of French soldiers who fight a "waiting war" before the German attack. Max Bogart teaches courses in modern literature at New York University.*

By Max Bogart

"BALCONY in the Forest" is not another "war novel," although it describes the experiences of Frenchmen in uniform during the early days of World War II. Julien Gracq has written a sensitive and analytical study of men enmeshed in a phony war—a war that would ultimately result in the tragic, dramatic fall of France.

The story opens with the hero, Lieutenant Grange, assigned to command a few soldiers in a secluded blockhouse near the Meuse River and the Belgian border. The mission of this "balcony in the forest" was, in case of German attack, to destroy the tanks, which, in theory, would be trapped by the engineers' demolition of the nearby road.

There is little action in the conventional sense. The story's primary focus lies in what Lieutenant Grange and his fellow soldiers, isolated in this "fairy-tale house," think and feel, what they discuss and remember as they wait for a "make-believe front" to erupt into a real, shooting war. The reader experiences the terrible endurance of the soldier, the long and empty days and nights of waiting in solitude, the boredom and vacillation, the exhaustion caused "by fear and foreboding, intoxicated with anxiety and weariness," and the effects of soldiering on a man with a meditative turn of mind.

The unreal war of 1939 comes alive in this short novel as Gracq depicts

> . . . the drunken sleep on the brink; never before had France pulled the sheet over her head with this feverish hand, this taste of nausea in her mouth.

MAREK HLASKO, at twenty-six, is Poland's bad boy. Alternately praised and censured, in 1958 he won a handsome literary award and, three months later, was viciously attacked in the Warsaw press for his portrayal of Polish life. He went off to Paris, and later refused to return to Poland when his visa expired. Since then he has sampled Riviera highlife and Berlin's select literary circles. It is now reported that Hlasko is driving a taxi in Israel. As for his homeland, Hlasko seems not without certain regrets, "I've lost Poland. Without Poland I go down."

HANS SCHOLZ has tried many careers. For years he was a restorer of paintings, but he also taught art, painted portraits, played in a jazz band. Now, at forty-eight, he is enjoying both a literary and popular success as a first novelist. "Through the Night" has sold over 150,000 copies in Germany; translations appear in Swedish, Dutch, French, English, and recently he was awarded an important Berlin literary prize. Following his book's success, Scholz, at work on another novel, now refers to himself as a part-time art restorer and a full-time author.

—Harcourt, Paris.

JULIEN GRACQ is the pseudonym of Louis Poirier, a retiring, diffident Frenchman who teaches geography to the youngsters at Paris's Lycée Claude Bernhard. Gracq, a friend of André Breton, has been termed a surrealist. He has also been compared to Henry James and Proust. Gracq ignores such literary labels and continues to write novels as he has for the past twenty years. When "Le Rivage des Syrtes" was awarded the 1951 Goncourt Prize, Gracq refused to accept it, declining, as he said, the publicity and "commercialism" of literary prizes.

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It appears absurd to Lieutenant Grange when, at the close of the novel, the Germans break through and the first shots are heard. There is momentary panic, the fear of being killed, and an attempt to escape, for suddenly a reality, unknown heretofore, bursts upon the still, pastoral setting.

Lieutenant Grange is consistently portrayed as disenchanted, indifferent to the progress of the war, a dreamer who views the world as troubled, disturbed, and uncertain, a lonely, strange man—a lost earthling when "his brief wartime adventure had come to an end."

Gracq's characterizations are vivid and the story is completely credible with one major exception: the lieutenant's love affair mars the narrative's development, for Mona, a young widow, is an elusive, shadowy figure, who not only puzzled Grange, but whose role in this story mystified this reader. The boudoir episodes are contrived, unnecessary, too unexpected, and rather ordinary for a writer of Gracq's skill.

The facile pen of the author is evident on every page, especially in the descriptive passages of the phantom forest, the seasonal landscape colors, and the beauty of nature in contrast with man's destructiveness in wartime. These descriptions sing in the exceptionally smooth translation by Richard Howard, who, like the writer Julien Gracq, reveals a poetic sense throughout this cogitative novel.

—*Northcliffe Newspapers.*

ALAN SILLITOE is a thirty-one-year old Englishman who has been a factory worker, a millhand, and a lathe operator. His own background in dusty, industrial Nottingham provided the scene for his story of workingclass life, which won the 1958 Author's Club prize for the best English first novel. He began to write during the war in Malaya. These first works were "several hundred poems (destroyed), a few short stories (destroyed), and the 100,000 first draft of a novel (also destroyed)."

4. England

"Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," by Alan Sillitoe *(Knopf. 239 pp. $3.75), is a young Englishman's story of an instinctual, life-loving, and unheroic workingman. Novelist James Yaffe's adaptation of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's novel, "Breakdown," will appear on Broadway during the coming season.*

By James Yaffe

WHAT quality is it that all good novels, no matter how different from one another, have in common? Perhaps it is the author's ability to feel his way into the skins of his characters, to make them act exactly as if they were living their own lives, not being manipulated by an author. In this respect "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning"—the first novel of Alan Sillitoe, an extremely promising young British writer—must be called a failure.

Mr. Sillitoe has many wonderful qualities—a fluent, often brilliant command of language, an acute ear for dialect, a virtuoso ability to describe the sight, sound, and smell of things. The honesty and authenticity of his writing—the fact that when he describes an English workingclass home, we feel sure that we are seeing the real thing, not a sentimental Hollywood substitute—tends to intimidate us, to blind us to the defects of his novel.

He tells the story of an amoral, rebellious, violently good-humored young workingman, who lives and loves by instinct and impulse and natural cunning. Yet despite the exhaustive detail in which he describes Arthur Seaton's life and character, Mr. Sillitoe never really accomplishes the magic of identification with him. We are always seeing Arthur from the outside, from the author's point of view. Even when Arthur seems to be doing his own thinking, he is much too conscious of his unself-consciousness, too aware, in a literary way, of what a vigorous young animal he is. For example:

> He was nothing at all when people tried to tell him what he was. Not even his own name was enough, though it might be in his pay book. What am I? he wondered. . . . I'm me and nobody else, and whatever people think I am or say I am, that's what I'm not, because they don't know a bloody thing about me.

The idea in this passage is fine, but it is impossible to believe that these thoughts ever went through Arthur's head. A man who feels himself to be "me and nobody else" is surely not so prone to asking philosophical questions like "What am I?" Similarly:

> As they walked, Arthur reflected on the uniqueness of his goings-out with Doreen, on the absence of danger that had tangibly surrounded him when he formerly met Brenda or Winnie.

Again the idea is right, but the language is all wrong. Is Arthur likely to use words like "uniqueness," "tangibly," "formerly"? By constantly using such words, in this passage and many others like it, Mr. Sillitoe throws a barrier between Arthur and ourselves. We are told *what* he thinks, but are seldom given the flavor, the genuine *feel* of his thoughts.

Mr. Sillitoe has a subject of his own, a world that he obviously understands through and through. Perhaps in his next novel he will be able to make the final effort of discipline required of the good novelist —to submerge the writer in the people he writes about.

Real, false, cultured

By Sonia Raiziss

OUT of the sea store
pain by pain the pearl
necklace rose with
a lore of private lights
enhancing the expensive
evening woman

I could prefer
to her sleek repellent flesh
the raucous dame in the street
come easy from the shop
with a string of paste
and plain delusion

And for the middle woman's
fashion neither here nor there
the trade has half lies
the trick seed farmed in water
inducing the crop
that pries a creature open

So, each nature has
a vanity of being—and the
forced oyster like the almost
artist somehow must
at the shucking knife edge
of life excrete a product

For what the less fastidious
art sweats out, the real gist
is maybe that it suffers
all the same a slow
dying dear to itself whose
person they scoop from its raped shell

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In Vigorous Defense of Democracy

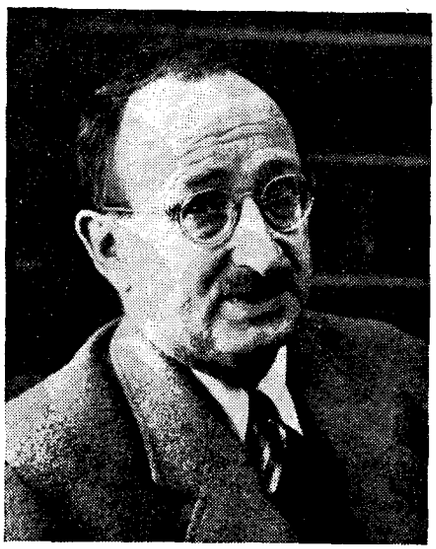
"Political Power and Personal Freedom," by Sidney Hook *(Criterion. 462 pp. $7.50), is a leading American philosopher's statement of the case for democracy. Norman Thomas, former Socialist candidate for the American Presidency, is the chairman of the Postwar World Council and the author of "Prerequisites for Peace."*

By Norman Thomas

THESE are days when believers in democracy too often are compelled to fall back on a negative approach to their belief: any other system of government is worse. Some believers supplement that with a kind of metaphysical faith of dubious validity or sheer sentimentalism about the "common man." It is, therefore, a great satisfaction to read so logical a positive case for democracy as Dr. Sidney Hook makes. He is probably the most outstanding of American empirical philosophers and he appropriately argues his case from mankind's experience. He grants our democracy's imperfections but says:

> It still remains true that American democracy . . . possesses the instruments by which it can move toward the realization of the promise of freedom and equality it contains. So long as it retains the Bill of Rights, democracy—so long as the conditions for opposition and change remain—every remediable social evil can yield to courage, organization, and hard work . . . Primary loyalty to its [democracy's] processes rather than to any specific thing we hope to win through them marks the principled democrat from the opportunistic one.

Professor Hook's book is a collection of essays well organized in four parts: Studies in Democracy; Studies in Communism; Problems of Security and Freedom; Socialism, Freedom, and Survival. The book reveals both the advantages and disadvantages inherent in the method of setting forth one's case in a series of essays written at different times and for different occasions. The historic value is considerable. I am delighted to see, for example, some of Dr. Hook's debates with Max Eastman thus preserved. But inevitably the method our author uses involves a great deal of repetition which becomes a bit tiring to the continuous reader of the essays, and it makes it important to bear in mind the dates of the essays which ought to be more conspicuously given. Some of the discussion of Communist problems, valuable as it is, suffers because it does not sufficiently discuss developments affecting them both in the United States as well as in the Soviet Union.



Sidney Hook—A positive case.

Nevertheless, these essays remain the ablest, best balanced, most comprehensive discussions of the problems which the author examines that I know. Dr. Hook is a vigorous but scrupulously fair polemicist and his discussions of Communist ideology can hardly be improved. Equally good is his reconciliation of socialism and individual freedom. In this field he scores a clear victory in his debate with Max Eastman.

DR. HOOK is correct in his reiterated insistence that the primary issue in our opposition to Communism is democracy versus totalitarianism and that socialist economics and socialist planning do not of themselves create despotism. But some of his essays would be even more valuable if they more completely faced the fact which Dr. Hook well knows that much American opposition to Communism comes from men and groups with little understanding of, or concern for, democracy. They are against "socialism" of which they mistakenly think Moscow's totalitarian state capitalism is the supreme example. And that's one reason for the American failure to use the "strategy for political warfare" which he recommends.

The student of logical debate could not do better than study Sidney Hook's logic and technique. Two debates, reprinted from *The New Leader*, are included. I have already referred to the debate with Max Eastman on "Socialism and Freedom." Here I entirely agree with Dr. Hook. But in his important debate with Bertrand Russell on "a foreign policy for freedom and survival," I am inclined to agree with his opponent.

Actually, as Bertrand Russell points out, their area of agreement is large. The difference boils down "to the ultimate resort to nuclear war if Communist powers cannot be contained by anything else." This Russell theoretically opposes on ethical and practical grounds. But in practical politics "everybody knows that neither the United States nor the USSR will disarm unilaterally." Our effort, he says, "must be to obtain mutual renunciation of nuclear weapons under an adequate system of inspection." (With this political judgment I agree.) Britain, however, as a matter of practical politics, in Lord Russell's opinion, would do well to renounce the use of H-bombs and help prevent their spread to other powers whose possession of them will make war by accident or design more likely.

Dr. Hook's argument that the use of nuclear war would be better than surrender to the USSR presents an alternative in a more clear-cut form than, as he would probably admit, it is likely to arise. It assumes too easily that freedom would survive even in the dubious event that men in considerable numbers should survive the vast physical, social, and moral devastation of nuclear war. It tends to neglect alternatives of resistance to Communism by nuclear war, partly by democracy's zeal for peace and disarmament, partly by development of the will and capacity to resist a conqueror by Gandhian methods, or by cultivation of guerrilla techniques which, according to C. L. Sulzberger (*New York Times*, June 20, 1959), even General Andre Beauffre, Deputy Chief of Staff at SHAPE, who wants nuclear arms for France, nevertheless considers "an efficacious 'antidote' to modern arms."

But I am reviewing a book, not arguing with the author on one issue. Just because I favor a foreign policy very different from that which we are following I think it important that I and all like-minded folk should face squarely the facts about Communist ideology which our author sets forth

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so accurately. He acknowledges a possibility of "liberation by evolution" in Eastern Europe and examines the factors involved. I believe in that possibility inside the USSR as well as in the satellites. I am strengthened in my hope by remembering that 1648 saw an end of religious wars in Europe without formal change in Catholic or Protestant theology. I think a different policy by the U.S., many features of which Dr. Hook himself sets forth, would greatly aid the evolution we want.

Taken as a whole, "Political Power and Personal Freedom" is a book I recommend not only for reading and reference but for careful study.

Brave Exposé of Those More Equal

"Anatomy of a Moral: The Political Essays of Milovan Djilas," edited by Abraham Rothberg *(Praeger. 181 pp. $2.95), is a collection of eighteen anti-Communist articles by the former President of the Yugoslav National Assembly, who is still imprisoned for his heresies. Henry C. Wolfe, who has known Yugoslavia for more than thirty years, is the author of "The Imperial Soviets."*

By Henry C. Wolfe

IN EARLY 1954, the Yugoslav magazine, *Nova Misao*, published an article that rocked the country's Communists and started the author on the road to disgrace and prison. The author was Milovan Djilas, President of Yugoslavia's National Assembly, a famed Partisan hero and a trusted leader of seventeen years of outstanding Party service. The article took the form of the bitter story that gives this book its title, a tale that exposed the cynical favoritism, the greed for luxury and privilege, and the *parvenu* snobbishness of Tito's Communist elite, especially the female of the species. Paul Willen, in his introduction, calls it a "document, dealing chiefly with a back-biting feminine struggle for social position . . ."

Milovan Djilas—Last word is "freedom."

The heroine of the little tragedy is a beautiful twenty-one-year-old opera singer who had married a Yugoslav general. She was a simple, good girl, innocent of social ambition and devoted solely to her music and her husband. Having come "from a large and poor family . . . she retained a conspicuous and somewhat vulgar thriftiness." But the ladies of the Party's high society hated her with "a bestial urge more stupid, savage and monstrous, more merciless than any fight among wild animals."

The young wife, as she soon discovered, had several strikes against her. She had married the "oligarchy's favorite bachelor"; she was too young to have served, like her tigress enemies, as a Partisan; she was an actress. Accordingly, the social queens of the "Peoples' Republic" impugned her morals and subjected her to "insidious hatred, scorn and icy ostracism." The men of the elite, true, did not persecute the girl. But Djilas arraigns them as a

> hallowed and secluded class which, when not loafing in its magnificent *parvenu* offices, moved from place to place, lived in its own select and restricted summer resorts, gathered in its own exclusive clubs, slept in its own secluded houses, sat in its own exclusive theatres and stadium boxes.

It took fantastic courage for one of the main architects of Yugoslav Communism to expose the sham of its "social justice," especially inasmuch as the main characters in his story were immediately identifiable in Belgrade society. And the author does not hesitate to use *schmalz* and purple rhetoric to enhance the melodramatic effect of his exposé. But then he was striking a blow for freedom. Later, in "Land Without Justice," the poetic story of his Montenegrin youth, Djilas was to reveal that freedom was the soil of his deepest roots.

"Anatomy of a Moral" is one of eighteen anti-Communist articles reprinted in this book. When the earlier articles appeared in the Communist newspaper *Borba*, their subtleties incurred little suspicion. The author was, after all, a regular *Borba* contributor, a renowned Communist theoretician with a reputation for an abstract, philosophical style. But "Anatomy of a Moral" was not subtle. And, especially in arousing the fury of the women scorned, it blazoned forth the Djilas heresy. The sensational Party crisis that developed ultimately led to a ten-year prison sentence for the heretic. It was while he was a prisoner that his slashing indictment of Communism, "The New Class," won worldwide success. He is still in prison.

These essays, then, constitute a spiritual prelude to "The New Class." Written as he was "groping his way out of Communism's emotional labyrinth," they externalize Djilas's growing disillusionment. They trace, as Mr. Willen puts it, "the intellectual metamorphosis . . . of a man obsessed with an intangible dream of human goodness, tolerance, comradeship. . . ." In his own words, Djilas longed "to emerge from the unreal, abstract world of the 'elite' . . . and to enter as profoundly as possible into the real world of simple working people and ordinary human relations." The last word in this book, significantly, is "freedom."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 846

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 846 will be found in the next issue.

LHCCKD ZFD NBBTQR
VGDM XNT ZQD SNN
XNTMF SN SZJD TO
FNKE ZMC SNN
NKC SN QTRG TO
SN SGD MDS.

—E. O. ZCZLR.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 845
Don't tell your friends their social faults; they will cure the fault and never forgive you.
—LOGAN SMITH.

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Girlhood in the Imperial Heydays

—UPI.
Bandung, Java—"suggestion of transience."

"Yesterday," by Maria Dermoût; *translated by Hans Koningsberger (Simon & Schuster. 118 pp. $3), recalls the author's childhood on a Javanese sugar plantation at the turn of the century. English writer Elspeth Huxley's own recollections of her years in colonial Africa, "The Flame Trees of Thika," have just been published.*

By Elspeth Huxley

THE greatest historical event of the mid-twentieth century is the crumbling of the three empires which bestrode Asia and Africa. Here is a major topic for European writers, but instead of going at it head on they have hitherto approached it, if at all, only to prod it or strike it glancing slaps. The time is not yet, perhaps; Tolstoy wrote of Borodino sixty years after; Stendhal, too, and Thackeray, needed time's perspective.

Meanwhile, a handful of colonial-born Europeans is at work candying in the syrup of memory their experiences of imperial heydays when the planter rode forth at sunrise to order his estates, his wife reclined on the veranda with a medicine chest handy, and the child-narrator gossiped with cook and groom, water-carrier, and gardenboy.

To gossip with these racial strangers was a very different matter from tittle-tattle with members of a depressed class within one's own society. Oriental servants could be chief's sons or rajah's cousins, people of dignity, authority, and wisdom, equipped to open doors into a secret garden forever barred to adults, and to print upon the child's mind an image of mystery, cruelty, and splendor never to be either developed or erased.

Such a child was Maria Dermoût, daughter of a Dutch sugar planter, who writes, in vivid, sparse, evocative prose, excellently translated by Hans Koningsberger, of a Javanese upbringing over fifty years ago. One is reminded of one of those brilliant butterflies that dart like chips of precious stone about the rain-forests of the Celebes: iridescent, fragile, ephemeral, and lovely. This is the miniature of literature, like an Oliver or a Hillyard, perfect in detail, carefully wrought, slight—a minor art, conveying with it a suggestion of transience, of vanished harmony, of melancholy.

The tale, such as it is, concerns a love affair between a dashing uncle and a handsome married aunt which ends in a tragedy implicit from the start, for the book is drenched in a sweet sadness, like jasmine in moonlight, although the childhood was happy: a paradox inherent in all such recollections of a world now trodden under by the hobnailed boots of history.

Of more interest is the devotion Maria Dermoût skilfully suggests between Uncle Fred and his Sumatran servant Buyung—thickset, ugly, long-armed, untidy, continually chewing tobacco which would almost fall out of his laughing mouth. Here she touches a theme now altogether absent from European literature, that of master and man (Don Quixote and Sancho Panza), which can engender a love as great as that of man for woman, a love more binding, more unselfish, more honorable.

When Uncle Fred, jilted by his Nancy, decides to leave for Australia, Buyung puts on his best clothes (a black stiff jacket, a blue and gold sarong, a gold-threaded headkerchief with the points sticking up behind one ear), squats in front of his master and hesitantly asks him to stay. "You'd better be quiet, Buyung!" was the only answer. "Then it can't be helped, sir," Buyung replied, as he put away his best clothes and said no more. But later, sitting on a mat with clasped knees and rocking to and fro, he searched all night for the spirit of his drowned master in all the places they had traveled together, until the dull, dark voice sank to a whisper, "Sir, sir, is that you?"; and, still later, with no farewells, he left the big house to return to the dense jungles of Sumatra.

Maria Dermoût's first novel, "The Ten Thousand Things," written in her sixties, achieved a *succès d'estime*. "Yesterday," an earlier work only now translated, is no less bewitching; it is perhaps a better book because it is more direct and circumscribed. The Indonesian characters, graceful shades behind a screen of kanari trees and gamelan music, white cockatoos and dappled horses, golden rings and marble floors and water buffaloes, haunt our world, but return to the sanctuary of their own. Maria Dermoût writes with a peacock's feather upon a rice-paper scroll.

Muslim Legacy

"Islam and the Arabs," by Rom Landau *(Macmillan. 298 pp. $4.95), traces the debt of the West to Islam and concludes with a summary of the problems faced by the Arabs today. Emil Lengyel is professor at New York University and the author of many books, among them the forthcoming "America and the Middle East Today."*

By Emil Lengyel

PRESIDENT NASSER'S attempt to recreate a United Arabia is partly motivated by recollections of the record of the early Middle Age when Arab genius was in flower. That flowering is the main subject of Professor Rom Landau's latest book. He writes with relish about that stunning outburst of Arab genius which affected so many fields of human endeavor, arts, sciences, literature, philosophy, and theology. Their admiring contemporaries conferred upon many of these gifted Muslims, such as Averroës and Avicenna, the epithet "*stupor mundi*," and, indeed, they were prodigies. Our own lives would be different without their contributions, and their influence is attested not only in the sciences and Moorish architecture but also by many of the words the English language took from them. Early Arab civilization did form a bridge between East and West.

This "creative explosion" of Islam was generated by a juxtaposition of ingredients that can cause either cataclysmic disasters or flashes of crea-

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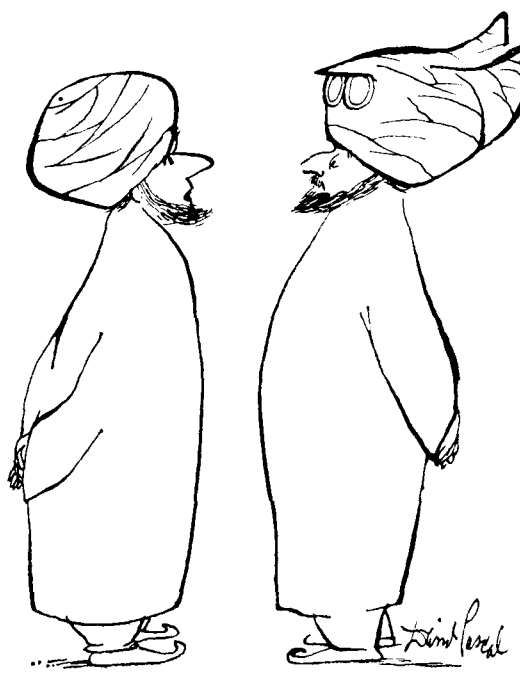
tive energy. As propagated by the Arabs, Islam generated the latter. What were the principal ingredients of the forces that created the Arabs' medieval civilization? Rom Landau's book confirms the view that the Arabs arrived on the scene when Western mankind needed a new synthesis and it was provided by the "push and pull effect" of history. The thrust was supplied by the Arabs' desert-centered Muslim faith which turned them into fanatic propagators of their way of life. More effective than the weapons they carried in their arms were the ones they carried in their hearts. Theirs was an "intercontinental cultural ballistic missile" which covered the world from the Ganges to the Pyrenees. The "pull" was provided by the power vacuum left in the wake of the fall of Rome. In turn, the Arab Age lasted until it was engulfed by that of the Mongols and the Turks.

Today's would-be architects of Arab unity could learn at least two useful lessons from Landau's book. Islam imbued the Arabs with fanaticism but it was the West which had transmitted to them their material and spiritual values, which had lain dormant. The Arabs, in turn, retransmitted them to the West. The other lesson is that President Nasser's Greater Arabia is bound to run into squalls. History reveals that great empires of the past cannot be revived. Mussolini tried it and failed ignominiously. And what would be the chances of Yugoslavia's Tito if he tried to turn the Macedonian portion of his country into a copy of the empire of Alexander the Great?

Turning to current problems, Rom Landau warns that it would be unwise to equate the Arabs' progress with Western democracy and the "American way of life." This is, of course, a standard warning to which the East should have got used by now. Yet the fact remains that the West's twin pillars, extreme nationalism and technical progress, have become the foundations of the Modern East as well. It is these Western concepts that have stirred Africa and Asia into their revolutionary moods. Nothing is wrong with these values as long as they are used within bounds, but disaster threatens when these are transcended. As Professor Landau shows, Islam was derived from the Jews' and Christians' creeds and is not basically different from them. Again the Muslim world could become the teacher of the West if it were able to refrain from assigning topmost priority to purely material values and were not to employ the spiritual ones merely as a covering for jungle ethics.

In this book Professor Landau has sought to satisfy the reader who wants more than popularization and less than overspecialization. For this purpose he drew upon established "classics" and sought to simplify them. In this attempt he succeeded better when dealing with the past. His chapter on contemporary Arab problems is too cursory to be of much use. Also, the two sections of the book—one dealing with Islam in the past and the other one with the Arabs today—are not woven into one unit. Furthermore, it is strange to read in a book published in the summer of 1959 that the merger of Iraq and Jordan may not prove a "complete success." As events in July 1958 proved, it certainly did not. Although the book jacket warns the reader that the study was completed before the Iraqi revolution, it is hard to see why it was not brought up to date.

Finally, a major error in the book demands correction. Professor Landau writes that the 1916 Sykes-Picot Agreement was signed by Britain, France, and Russia, and that the three countries were guaranteeing certain rights to one another in it. The agreement, a basic one, was actually signed only by Britain and France.

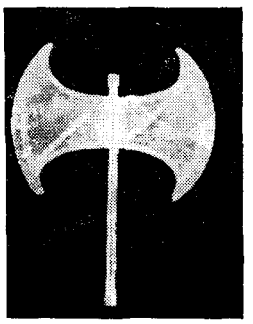


"So what else was new in America?"

The Plus of Minos

"The House of the Double Axe: The Palace at Knossos," by Agnes Carr Vaughan *(Doubleday. 240 pp. $5.95), recreates the little-known but splendid Minoan civilization. Lionel Casson, who is the author of "The Ancient Mariners," is the acting chairman of New York University's Department of Classics.*

By Lionel Casson



IN 1900 the British archeologist Sir Arthur Evans, unexpectedly uncovered on the site of Knossos in Crete the remains of a dazzlingly brilliant civilization. Neither Evans nor anyone else could read what writings he found, so he had no way of knowing what its creators called themselves; he dubbed them Minoans after Minos, a name preserved in Greek legend as that of Crete's mightiest king.

It was incredible—here was a civilization the equal, politically and economically, of any around it and materially and artistically better than most; yet it somehow had escaped the knowledge of history. It is still very much of an enigma for its written records are just beginning to be deciphered; Evans was never lucky enough to find an inscription to do for ancient Crete what the Rosetta Stone did for Egypt. However, the Minoans were gifted artists and they portrayed much of their life in pictures that range from large striking frescoes on walls to marvelously worked miniatures on rings and seals. For the past half-century Evans and other archeologists have sought, chiefly with the help of the art they uncovered plus inspired guesswork, to get some idea of precisely what Minoan culture was like. Now Miss Vaughan, formerly Professor of Classics at Smith College and author of a number of popular books on the ancient world, has taken the results of these studies and worked them into a concise narrative intended for the general reader.

The first half of the book tells of what Evans and others have excavated, in particular the great palace at Knossos that was in existence from about 2200 to 1400 B.C. Nothing reveals more strikingly the high level

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—*Virginia Garner (From "The House of the Double Axe").*

The Ladies in Blue Fresco; Palace of Knossos—"Minoans were veritable peacocks."

of Minoan civilization. The palace's plan was so intricate that dim memories of it in later ages gave rise to the legend of the Labyrinth. Magnificent frescoes adorned its walls. And it had plumbing that was not equaled until the days of Rome and not surpassed until modern times.

In the second half, Professor Vaughan attempts something rather risky: to draw, without the help of any written records, a coherent picture of Minoan life and customs. She begins with the family and its diet, and here she has to depend chiefly on speculation. But when she gets into dress and games, subjects better served by pictures than words, her narrative takes on pace and sureness. The Minoans were veritable peacocks: the men belted themselves in to cut a broad-shouldered figure, decked themselves out with a profusion of jewelry, and, since they went about bare to the waist, covered their torsos with tattooing. The women must have been a couturier's joy. Their slim-waisted ensembles, except for a bodice which left the breasts bare, could have come out of late nineteenth-century Paris, and their hats were almost as varied as the creations of today. In sports the Minoans went in for boxing and acrobatics, particularly a most dangerous form that, for lack of a better name, we call bull-grappling: an acrobat would grab the horns of a bull, do a handspring over its back, and land in the arms of a partner.

Miss Vaughan devotes a whole series of chapters to religion since it played such an important role in Minoan life. The chief deity was a Mother-Goddess who had power both in heaven and under the earth: her worshippers symbolized the one by the dove and the other by the serpent; her favorite sacrificial victim was the bull, and it was slaughtered by the ritual double-axe that has become to us the Minoan's hallmark.

Professor Vaughan writes with clarity and enthusiasm; when she doesn't have to hedge her remarks with qualifications, her narrative is swift and exciting. The organization of the book is not perfect. The important story of the decipherment of certain Greek tablets found in the palace is relegated to the chapter titled "An Ancient Schoolroom."

But these are minor flaws. This is a well-written and entertaining book.

DAYS OF HEROES: Did you know that a Homeric hero despised fish and ate it only in emergencies? That he could have the pick of his female slaves for a night's company with no objection from the lady of the house? Emile Mireaux, an historian who is well known in France for his numerous studies in the historical background of Homer's poems, first published **"Daily Life in the Time of Homer"** (Macmillan, $4), in French in 1954; it is now available in a translation by Iris Sells, so skilfully done that you are rarely aware of reading a book not written originally in English.

Mireaux has done a good deal more than tell the story of "daily life." He has treated as well the highly interesting subject of the sociological and economic patterns and relationships of the age. He starts with the noblemen, Homer's "kings," and describes how they lived and where their income came from. A level below the noblemen were the members of the chief professions (priests and prophets, doctors, minstrels), below them the peasants, and the artisans. The sketch of the layers of society is filled out by a number of chapters on miscellaneous subjects: an absorbing account of the way blood-feud worked, a description of the position and function of women, a chapter on "displaced persons"—rovers, beggars, exiles, and the like.

A word of caution must be given to the reader of this book: the date Mireaux assigns to the life Homer describes is not the one generally accepted. The Trojan War historically took place about 1200 B.C., in the closing decades of what archeologists and historians call the Mycenean Age. The poems, in the form they have come down to us, are admittedly not contemporary with what they purport to describe; Mireaux—and he is not alone in this—dates them as late as 700 B.C. and certain portions even later. Despite this fact, the general opinion is that Homer did a fairly consistent job of archaism, that, save for some anachronism, he does describe a way of life which, if not that of the Mycenean Age, was certainly one that had flourished at least a century or two before he wrote and then passed on. Mireaux, however, holds that what we find in the poems is basically a reflection of what the poet found around him, that life as described in Homer's poems is in general identical with life in the days Homer actually lived. And so he feels perfectly free to piece out what the poems reveal with whatever other information we happen to have about Greece before its golden age in the fifth century B.C. In some of his discussions the tail even wags the dog: there is more material from later writers than from Homer.

Mireaux sees no difficulties in this approach. To him, what we read of in Homer squares with what we know of Greece in the seventh and sixth centuries B.C. In some phases of life this is true enough. Agriculture is notoriously conservative and there's every likelihood that the farmer of 700 B.C. lived a life very much like that of his Mycenean ancestors. But in other phases there *are* differences, and these cause inconsistencies. Mireaux refers constantly to the Greek city-state—as he must since it is the characteristic political entity of Greece from the seventh century onward; yet Homer knows nothing of it.

The picture presented by this book is rich, absorbing, and provocative. But in places it contains disparate elements from two different ages. "Daily Life in Archaic Greece" would be a far less misleading caption for what it does in general portray. —L. C.

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The Polynesian Pull

"Tahiti-Nui," by Eric de Bisschop *(McDowell, Obolensky. 284 pp. $5), disputes by demonstration the conclusions of the* Kon-Tiki *expedition. Harry L. Shapiro, who saw the author's raft half-finished in Tahiti, is chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.*

By Harry L. Shapiro

ERIC DE BISSCHOP is right in at least one respect: Polynesia has a way of attracting adventurous spirits. From the days of Wallis, Bougainville, and Cook, the islands in the mid-Pacific stretching from Hawaii to New Zealand and from Samoa to the Marquesas have captured the European and American imagination as no other maritime world anywhere else has been able to do. Largely because these islands have drawn such men as Melville, Stevenson, Henry Adams, La Farge, Nordhoff, Hall, Maugham, Frisbie, Loti, Calderon, and Gauguin, they have been the subject of recurring waves of interest.

The present one, touched off by the famous voyage of the *Kon-Tiki*, is concerned with the origins of the Polynesians and how they reached these islands. Thor Heyerdahl, by launching his balsa raft in the Humboldt current, was carried from the shores of South America to the Tuamotuan islands in eastern Polynesia. Thus he dramatically demonstrated the possibility that American Indians might by similar drift voyages have populated Polynesia. The enormous public that has read his books seems more or less thoroughly convinced by this hypothesis. Unfamiliar with the evidence that has led most of the reputable scholars to believe that the Polynesians in fact must have originated in the West, somewhere along the shores of Southeast Asia and its adjacent islands, the general reader has fallen an easy victim to the interpretations arrayed by Heyerdahl. The scholarly debates and refutations have not appeared in the popular press and have, therefore, gone unnoticed except by the limited circle of specialists.

Eric de Bisschop, a Frenchman and well known for his maritime exploits, is a highly opinionated amateur in this controversy. He is convinced that the Polynesians developed their maritime skill in Polynesia. He is somewhat ambiguous about their actual origin but obviously it was not America, since he attributes any resemblance in South America to Polynesians to trading and exploratory voyages. Indeed, to demonstrate that this was possible accounts in part for the voyage of the *Tahiti-Nui*. De Bisschop entertained confirmed ideas about the use of rafts by Polynesians and their ability to navigate them in the latitudes of variable winds below the steady, easterly trades.

De Bisschop constructed the *Tahiti-Nui* of bamboo poles lashed with native fibers. I saw the raft in Tahiti half-finished, and, along with most of the local population had serious doubts that it could survive the buffeting of the boisterous seas de Bisschop planned to sail. The amazing thing is that it did for more than six months. Officially he began his voyage in mid-November, 1956, and ended it at the end of May, 1957, on board the Chilean Naval Frigate *Baquedano*, leaving the raft foundered. Even if he did not actually reach Chile itself, de Bisschop proved that such a voyage was at least theoretically possible.

Obviously, de Bisschop was a man of amazing fortitude and persistence. He was certainly not easy to get along with, judging from his book and from the log he reproduced in it. His venom against academic ethnologists sometimes seems plain silly, not to say ill-founded, and his own speculations on ethnological matters would not, I'm afraid, receive a whole-hearted approval from experts.

Undaunted by the wreckage of the *Tahiti-Nui* before reaching its assigned destination, de Bisschop built another raft for the return trip to Tahiti. Again the raft was wrecked just before attaining its goal. De Bisschop was lost along with the craft. This was an end that he preferred.

AROUND THE WORLD: Anthropologist Edward Weyer, Jr., in his book, **"Primitive Peoples Today"** (Doubleday, $10), tours the globe in photographs and text to depict fourteen tribes who still live as if civilization never happened. African Bushmen, headhunting Jivaros of South America, the Australian Aruntas, all, in their diverse ways, live close to nature. How they live, gather food, worship, and endure as anachronisms in a modern world, is illustrated in more than 200 photographs. Reading clockwise: an Eskimo woman plays the popular ring-and-pin game; a New Guinea father wears a headband of wooden pins which symbolize his wealth—a pig, a wife, an axe; the geometric patterns typical of her tribe are worn by a regal Zulu girl; braided hair is the style of the Dahomeys, who live west of Nigeria; a fly-speckled Saharan girl carries a clay bowl ornamented in Moslem design.

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Memoirs of Two Uncommon Men

"More than Meets the Eye," by Carl Mydans *(Harper. 310 pp. $4) and* ***"The Masks of War," by George Langelaan*** *(Doubleday. 320 pp. $3.95), are both autobiographical accounts by unusual men, who filled their lives with adventurous exploits. Quentin Reynolds, who has traveled widely as a correspondent, has written many books, among which have been "They Fought for the Sky."*

By Quentin Reynolds

HERE are two books any reader will be delighted to meet. "More Than Meets the Eye" is by Carl Mydans of *Life*. Mydans is a brilliant photographer who writes better than well. Once a fellow correspondent said to him, "You think with your eyes." He meant it as a compliment, but in this book Mydans thinks with more than his eyes, and he has shepherded his thoughts, not through the lens of a camera, but through the keys of a typewriter with skill, warmth, and humor.

Mydans has been with *Life* since its inception and there is little of importance during the past twenty years of violence that he hasn't seen and photographed. He saw the Finns crushed by the Russians in 1940, saw France collapse, and was then transferred to China. He went to Manila, where he was captured by the Japanese. He and his wife Shelley (a writer for *Life*) spent two grim years as prisoners of war, but he does not dwell on their personal suffering; he writes about fellow prisoners, about some cruel and some kindly Japanese officers, and about the Filipinos whom he admires tremendously. Exchanged to freedom he wound up with the American army in Italy and was then hurried to the Far East in time to photograph the surrender aboard the *U.S. Missouri*. And later of course he covered the Korean War.

Mydans is a restless man with an urge to communicate more than his camera can say. There is always something the camera can't quite catch; a spoken word or the warmth of a memorable day or the agony of men in pain or the smell of death. No matter how great the picture there is usually "more than meets the eye." No book was ever better named than this one.

> I photographed a man named Chou; a small-boned man in a dark frayed suit and dirty shirt and his unshaven face was black with whiskers. He sat in an unheated room in Chungking preparing reports. Now, years later, when I see Chou En-lai's picture in the newspapers his face is clean and smoothly shaved and his clothes are of good quality.

He ends his fascinating tale by concluding:

> All of us live in history, whether we are aware of it or not, and die in drama. The sense of history and of drama comes to a man not because of who he is, or what he does, but flickeringly, as he is caught up in events, as his personality reacts, as he sees for a moment his place in the great flowing river of time and humanity.

George Langelaan is an Englishman who was brought up in France, which made him a perfect candidate for espionage work during the war. "The Masks of War" is his story of a war that was not always blood, sweat, and tears; there was time for humor—even when an enemy had a gun pointed at your stomach. When the shooting began he was an obscure officer with the British Intelligence in Belgium. The regiment's Irish doctor snorted when introduced to him, "For us medical men there are three distinct sorts of intelligence which in their right order are: animal, human, and military."

The author's most significant tasks during the first year of the war were to undress and search two nuns (who did turn out to be women, but who later were revealed as German spies) and to interrogate a half dozen oddly acting suspects, who turned out to be escaped lunatics from a local asylum. Langelaan was one of those who survived Dunkirk and who made his way back to England. Now the war started in earnest for him. When he protested that it would be silly to drop him in France because he was so well known there, they tossed him to a great plastic surgeon who, quite literally, gave him a new face. After acquiring it he commuted from London to France as casually as a New York businessman commutes from Grand Central Station to Greenwich, Connecticut.

Like Carl Mydans this fine writer, too, is a modest man. He does not belabor us with his own ingenuity and courage; instead he writes of those with whom he worked, and an amazing group this was. He was eventually captured, but was helped to escape by a "woman in red" whom he writes about with admiration and always with humor. He tells us of a fellow agent named Jim Morris who escaped from prison when he was too weak to walk. He tells us of Albert, a fifteen-year-old youngster who was one of the most valuable members of the French Resistance. There was Mr. Brown, a colleague who spoke and wrote fifty-six languages—and many, many others all well worth meeting.

Once in Casablanca after dealing, in a most unconventional way, with a plump Mata Hari, he told an American security officer some of his fan-

—*From the book.*

George Langelaan, left, as an officer in East Yorkshire Regiment; right, after plastic surgery.

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tastic experiences. "Pity that your stories can never be told," the American said, "No one would ever believe them."

Somehow Langelaan makes the war a gay, exciting adventure and although he was an active participant from beginning to end he prefers the role of spectator. It is only when you have finished the book that you realize that the author was more colorful, more courageous than any of the characters about whom he writes. "The Masks of War" is the most enjoyable war document written since the Armistice.

From Giannini to God

"Yes, Mr. De Mille," by Phil Koury *(Putnam. 319 pp. $4.50), is a portrait, not always flattering, of the man who was both film maker and showman.* SR's *film critic, Arthur Knight, is the author of "The Liveliest Art," a history of the movies.*

By Arthur Knight

SO MANY of the Hollywood biographies smack of paid idolatry that Mr. Koury's rather astringent view of the late Cecil B. De Mille is welcome as a high wind in August. There is admiration here, a recognition of De Mille's very real talents as film maker and showman, but no suggestion that the author has slavishly accepted his subject as De Millenium. There is respect for his shrewd brain and iron will—and a slightly Bronxish cheer for his absurdly autocratic, outlandishly sybaritic way of life.

Koury came by his attitudes honestly. For seven years, from the late Forties to the early Fifties, he was part of the entourage that daily, dutifully fell in line to follow De Mille as he strode from his bungalow office to his throne in the Paramount commissary. For seven years he observed at first hand the Master's meticulous preparation of script and scene—and bore with his calculated outbursts of temper and petty on stage cruelties. Clearly De Mille was no easy man to work for. But while his fellow laborers in lotus land were simply licking their wounds, Phil Koury seems to have been diligently laying by the store of anecdotes, both ancient and modern, from which this book was constructed.

It is this wealth of detail—often enlightening, invariably amusing—that gives Mr. Koury's portrait of De Mille its striking verisimilitude. There are incidents illustrating his personal bravery, his willingness himself to undertake the risks he demanded of stars and extras alike. There are accounts of his business acumen, so highly esteemed by Dr. Giannini that he retained him as arbiter of movie loans for his Bank of America. And there are innumerable instances of his supreme egoism—the egoism that inspired two character actors, kept waiting for hours by De Mille during the filming of "The Ten Commandments," to send in the message, "Tell God that Moses and Aaron are waiting without."

From such strokes the full portrait gradually emerges. That Mr. Koury has made it at once rounded and balanced with a bare minimum of editorial comment is a tribute to his editorial skill. But that he had such rich material to work from, lively anecdotes spanning virtually the entire seventy-five years of a colorful career, is perhaps the fullest measure of De Mille's stature. Some men pass through this world leaving scarcely a ripple behind them; De Mille purposely made waves—and Koury has captured their turbulence with insight, humor, and notably few factual inaccuracies.

There is, however, one revealing De Mille-ism that seems to have escaped the author. Although he quotes frequently from the lively and perceptive "Hollywood Saga" of William de Mille, Cecil's older brother, he failed to notice that William consistently favored the lower case, while Cecil inevitably soared to the big D.

—*From the book.*

Gloria Swanson and Cecil B. De Mille during the filming of "Sunset Boulevard."

From Kaiser to Queen

"The Prince Consort," by Frank Eyck *(Houghton Mifflin. 269 pp. $4.50), depicts Albert, Queen Victoria's husband, and his role in the skein of nineteenth-century British political life. Maurice Edelman, a Member of Parliament, is also an author, whose new novel, "A Call on Kuprin," will be published next week.*

By Maurice Edelman

THE Queen who carries the people while her husband walks one pace behind has the same problem as the career-woman wife who, in humbler circumstances, wears the breeches. How can one enjoy authority while protecting her spouse's dignity? For the general public, there is also a problem. How can the Queen, consecrated by tradition, be acclaimed without paying undue respect to the consort who is, in a sense, an accident?

The British, when Prince Albert married Victoria, dealt with the matter in their usual empirical way. In the 1840s, England wasn't in a particularly monarchical mood. The memory of the Mad Hanoverians was too close. Even *The Times* had attacks of republicanism. And the young Queen herself had not won the prestige which her prudent and acquisitive Governments were to give her in her respected old age.

As for Albert, Victoria's cousin, he was from the start an object of suspicion as the princeling son of the dissolute Duke of Saxe-Coburg and his flighty wife Louise. But Albert proved a stayer; he overcame insular prejudice against foreigners; he was as good a husband as his father had been a bad one; and in the end (he died at the age of forty-five of typhoid), the nation took him to its heart as Albert the Good, a somewhat

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Of Rubles and Royalties

AMERICAN writers have been increasingly concerned about what seems to be the casual exploitation of their work by the State publishing houses of the Soviet Union. The USSR is not a member of the Berne Copyright Convention. It feels free to take from the world literary market whatever it believes may be of interest to its readers. Each year, for example, books by American authors are sold to Soviet readers in quantities estimated well in excess of a million copies. With a very few exceptions, these books are published without authorization, notification, or payment of royalties.

The same situation exists on a reciprocal or retaliatory basis in the United States with respect to Soviet books, although several authors, among them Mikhail Sholokhov and Ilya Ehrenberg, enjoy regular contractual relations with American publishers. In any event, American writers, acting through the Authors' League, are now making a sustained attempt to put an end to literary piracy from whatever source. They have received assurances from American publishers that *all* works of Soviet writers will be protected by contract. Armed with these assurances they have been attempting to obtain similar agreements by Soviet publishers.

Last year, the Authors' League asked Governor Adlai Stevenson to represent its writers in looking into this question during his visit to the Soviet Union. Governor Stevenson did so. He held conferences at the Ministry of Culture, the Ministry of Trade, and with various other Soviet officials. These meetings were cordial but inconclusive. On his return to the United States, Governor Stevenson followed up on his conversations with letters to the Soviet officials. Here, too, the replies were friendly but no visible advance in the situation took place.

Shortly before I left for the Soviet Union, Governor Stevenson asked me to pursue the matter. This article is in the nature of a report on that assignment.

THE first place I raised the question was at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Soviet Union of Writers. My reason for bringing the issue before this body was because it was clear to me that the most influential group in the Soviet Union on publishing policy was the Writers' Union itself. Indeed, the Writers' Union occupies a general position of prestige and power exceeded by few other groups in the nation.

On the question of royalties to foreign authors, however, an important obstacle had to be faced. The Writers' Union had an indirect stake in the continuation of the no-royalty system. For the Writers' Union received large payments out of the profits of the State publishing houses. These profits were swelled by the millions of rubles that did not go to authors from all over the world—and not just from the United States.

The Writers' Union also owns a number of profitable magazines which serialize books before or after publication. Here, too, with but a few exceptions, the works of foreign authors thus serialized go without royalties.

Both the State publishing houses and the magazines contribute substantially to what is known as a Literary Fund. This Fund enables a writer to have an income even though his book may have been a sales failure. It subsidizes a writer who wants to go away for an extended period to write a new book. It provides the writer and his family with the wherewithal to go to a health resort. It pays him a pension. It offers loans. In short, the material benefits of the Writers' Union are furnished in large part from publishing income, whether from the State publishing houses or from their own magazines.

Clearly, the Writers' Union had little incentive for altering the present situation on royalty payments to foreign writers. Even so, this was where the opposing arguments would have to be lodged. Unless the writers themselves could be budged, there was scant hope that initiative would develop in other quarters. The government itself is severely reluctant to open the question, for it anticipates that a revision of policy on literary royalties would lead to all sorts of claims for patent violations running into countless billions of rubles. On a retroactive basis, the amounts would be astronomical.

For all these reasons, and possibly a few more, it seemed apparent that the American authors would find a noticeable absence of enthusiasm for their claims. At the same time, it became necessary to serve notice that there would be mounting opposition by American writers to the practice of literary piracy and that they would do all in their power to obtain justice.

It was against this background that I met with prominent members of the Writers' Union. Among those seated around the table were Konstantin Fedin, novelist and President of the Writers' Union; A. Surkov, poet and general secretary of the Union; Alexander Chakofsky, novelist and editor of the magazine *Foreign Literature;* Sergei Mikhailkov, playwright, poet, and author of children's books; Marguerite Aliger, poet; S. Pertsov, literary critic, I. Kashkin, historian of American and English literature; and K. Zelenski, literary critic.

Mr. Surkov was in the chair. He made a brief and extremely cordial welcome, then turned the meeting over to Mr. Chakofsky, who spoke in excellent English. Mr. Chakofsky, an impressive man in his mid-forties, said that the group had looked forward to this exchange of ideas with their American visitor. He invited me to speak to them on any subject I wished and with complete candor.

After expressing my sense of privilege in being able to meet with the leading writers and critics of the Soviet Union, I said I was impressed with their concern, as a group, over

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the need to establish cordial working relations with their fellow artists in many parts of the world.

It was in this connection, I continued, that I was eager to put before the group certain factors that were at present interfering with these relations, especially on the professional level. I referred to the fact that their fellow writers in America took strong exception to the Soviet practice of publishing American works, generally without notification, consent, or royalties. In raising this question, I said I felt certain that those present, as established authors themselves, could readily appreciate the professional and ethical questions involved.

In any event, I felt it important to make clear that I was looking into these matters not only out of personal concern but at the request of Governor Adlai Stevenson, who had been retained by the Authors' League of America to uphold the interests of its members. I reminded them that the Governor had been in the Soviet Union last year and had explored the question with many officials.

I also wanted to emphasize that I realized Soviet publishers were not exclusively engaged in the practice. Some American publishers were pirating the books and violating the rights of Soviet writers. In either case, the practice was objectionable and damaging and should be stopped. American publishers and authors were now ready to enter into specific agreements towards this end, in accordance with the Berne Copyright Convention. And they were hopeful that this could be done on a reciprocal basis with Soviet authors and publishers.

Mr. Chakofsky was the first to reply. He had a likable bluntness. I suppose that what appealed to me most about him was that, in manner and appearance, he seemed to suggest more a member of the faculty debating team from, say, the University of Chicago (under Robert Hutchins, of course), than the temporary chairman at a meeting of writers in Moscow. Mr. Chakofsky speaks a fine literary English. His phrasing is admirable. When in full forensic flight, however, his engine tends to move faster than his wheels and he is compelled to switch off the power and hook up to the interpreter. He is tough in argument, knows how to use striking metaphors, and most importantly, keeps his eye on the ball. Here is a man, I said to myself, I'd like to cultivate while in Moscow.

"Let me begin by telling you about *Foreign Literature*," he said. "We publish the works of foreign authors, many of which are later brought out in book form. In Russian, of course. We are four years old. We like our work. We like it because it gives us a chance to bring the best writing and thinking of novelists, poets, and essayists from the outside world to the Soviet people. They like it, too. Our publishing enterprise has had a most encouraging growth.

"Now, despite the Cold War, we have been increasing the number of American works being published in *Foreign Literature*—and this, in fact, is also true of the State publishing houses. The American publisher, on the other hand, does not seem interested in the literary merit of Soviet books. If he can take one of our books and give it an anti-Soviet slant in the way he presents it to the American public, then our writers have a chance, otherwise not. It seems strange to us that American publishers should be unwilling to consider our books on their literary merit.

"Well, we refuse to follow the example of American publishers. We feel we are engaged in a cultural mission. Even if they ignore our good books, we don't intend to ignore theirs. We would prefer, of course, to carry out our mission with the good will of American writers. But we do not think we would be justified in discontinuing that mission if American writers object. In any case, I am sure the American writer does not understand the situation here, for if he did, he would be most eager to have his books serve such an important purpose. He would want to serve his country in a most effective way—through his portraits of American life and in his ideas.

"It would be terrible to believe that the American writer is more concerned about making money than the need to have his works known and used where they will do so much good."

I TOLD Mr. Chakofsky I was glad to be able to reassure him about the altruism and love of country of the American author. I felt it necessary, however, to clarify one point: American authors were not rejecting the requests of Soviet publishers to translate their works in keeping with an important cultural mission. Indeed, they had not even received such requests from Soviet publishers. What troubled American authors was the absence of a professional relationship between author and publisher. American authors were not opposed in principle to the publication of their books in the Soviet Union. They were opposed to the use of their property without consent and without the arrangements that Soviet authors themselves insist be observed inside their own country. The Soviet author's love of country didn't prevent him from receiving royalties, so far as I was able to ascertain.

"You don't seem to realize, dear sir," Mr. Chakofsky said, "what the proportions of the problem are. We publish not just one or two of your

Adlai Stevenson took up the question of royalties for American authors with Soviet authorities on his 1958 trip. He is shown here shaking hands with Yuri Zhukov, Chairman of the State Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries.

S. Mikhailkov, playwright and author of children's books, winner of the "Order of Lenin": "'Mr. Rockefeller, I want you to meet a fellow millionaire, from the USSR.' That startled him . . . he thought I was joking. I made sure he knew I was serious."

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Alexander Chakofsky, influential editor of *Foreign Literature*—"In argument knows how to use striking metaphors . . ."

writers. We publish a large number of them, a very large number, led by Hemingway, Steinbeck, Caldwell, and Mitchell Wilson. In your country you publish a small number, a very small number, of Soviet writers. Now, let us suppose we agree to sign the Berne Copyright Convention. Under it, we will continue to publish dozens of Soviet works. You will continue to publish a trickle. The Berne Convention runs for more than fifty years. Add up all the books we would issue and the length of time we would have to pay, take into account our dollar shortage, and what happens? Why, we'll go bankrupt; that is what happens."

I told Mr. Chakofsky that it was not the purpose of American writers to put him out of business; but I hesitated to believe that an important publishing organization such as his, or State book publishing houses, were able to stay in business only by depriving authors of the earnings rightfully due them.

"I am just one of many persons here," he said. "I must not presume to speak for the others. But I think you will find that you have opened some old sores in addition to the new one you came to talk to us about."

Sergei Mikhailkov was recognized by the chair. Mr. Mikhailkov is a famous author of children's books. My interpreter, Igor Alexandrov, whispered to me that the medal Mr. Mikhailkov was wearing on his lapel was the most distinguished Order of Lenin.

"I have had some experiences in the United States it may be in order for me to mention now," he began. "I went there as a member of a cultural delegation. One of the things I was most eager to do in the United States was to compare my impression with the image of America I had through the books of Hemingway, Steinbeck, Faulkner, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Upton Sinclair, and Mark Twain. I was able to make many interesting comparisons. And when I returned to the Soviet Union people asked what America is like, and I could say that much of it was like what they had read in books by American authors.

"It is too bad that American travelers to the Soviet Union cannot do the same thing. For the American people are not familiar with Soviet writers; there is no literary currency that travelers can exchange when they go home.

"Now let me make a few personal remarks," he continued, "and I hope you will forgive my frankness. I am not without some vanity. That is natural; I am a writer. Here in the Soviet Union I have been accustomed to a fair degree of recognition. Forty million copies of my books have been sold here.

"Hence, when I went to the United States, I had all sorts of grandiose ideas about the reception I would be accorded. I had visions of crowds meeting me at the airport; of press conferences; of cocktail parties; of people asking many questions about literature in the Soviet Union. Well, no one meets me, no one sees me. No one cares. I am a nobody in America.

"Perhaps I exaggerate somewhat. I did meet some people. In New York, I met Mr. John D. Rockefeller. I went up to him and said: 'Mr. Rockefeller, I want you to meet a fellow millionaire from the Soviet Union.' That startled him. It occurred to me that he thought I was joking. I made sure he knew I was serious. I told him that my books sold many millions of copies and that my earnings ran to millions of rubles.

"Can you blame me for thinking that there may be enough merit in one of my children's books to justify its publication in America? If American publishers were really concerned with literary merit and could forget politics they might really find some things they could use. But I console myself. If the great Fedin—the best of our living writers—is not published in the United States, what reason do I have to be ashamed?"

WE WERE wandering somewhat. In an effort to get back on the track, I told Mr. Mikhailkov that I regretted that Americans were not more familiar with contemporary Soviet writers, but I said I doubted that this was sufficient reason for depriving American authors of their legitimate rights when published in the Soviet Union.

All this time Konstantin Fedin, generally recognized as dean of Soviet writers, had been listening carefully. He is a man of about sixty-five. He has a fine sensitive face, even features, iron gray hair. He smoked a pipe, slowly and deliberately. He speaks in a highly cultured voice, is cordial and open in manner.

"Since you are so strongly interterested in the royalties question," he said pleasantly, "let me make a brief comment before I discuss the more important matter of Soviet-American literary relationships. I don't think that the royalties issue is an easy one. The United States is not the only country involved. We reprint authors from many countries. We could not make any unilateral agreements with the United States. When we look at the problem as a whole, we can see that there are many difficulties; and I do not presume to have the answer.

"But it is possible that with time, we may be able to find a way that will be more satisfactory to all concerned. In the meantime, let us consider some outstanding questions relating to our literary relationship.

"It is true that much of what has been said at this meeting does not bear directly on the question you have raised. But you may find it significant just the same. You see, each of us has his disappointments. Since you have brought up yours, it is perhaps only natural that we should bring up ours, even though there may not be a direct connection between the two. Please, therefore, hear me out when I discuss some other points that have to do with the lack of good relationships between the Soviet world of publishing and writing and your own.

"I begin with what I fear I must describe as faulty American scholarship in your books on our literature. Consider the book; 'Russian Fiction and Soviet Ideology,' by Professor Ernest J. Simmons. I am flattered that Professor Simmons included me in his study. But I am appalled at all the inaccuracies in the book. There are many things in the book that concern me directly and on which I happen to be the sole authority. And I must say that I am astounded at some of the material that is supposed to pass as fact and even more at the material that is supposed to be interpretation.

"Now, in general, it seems to me that our viewpoint may be broader than the American. When we pass judgment here on American novels, we do so on the basis of artistic merit. We may not agree with the philosophies of Hemingway and Steinbeck as reflected in their works, but

(*Continued on page* 39)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A QUITE IMAGINED VIEW

IN THE COURSE OF his review of Dr. Massimo Salvadori's "The Economics of Freedom" [*SR* July 11], Mr. Clarence Randall took rather hurt exception to the author's suggestion that the qualities that fit a man as a business tycoon may unfit him for the public service. We must sympathize with Mr. Randall for he is an ex-tycoon who for some years has been employed in various capacities by the Eisenhower Administration and no doubt wishes to be well regarded. But in the same review, he attributes to me the quite imagined view that "we should now establish government controls over all phases (sic) of production and distribution. Back to the Blue Eagle? . . . that professors nightmare. . . ." This statement would seem to support Dr. Salvadori's position with regrettable precision. It shows carelessness with facts, a propensity to rather foolish exaggeration, and a tendency to substitute symbols for ideas which, however harmless in the steel business, are inappropriate and even damaging in a public servant.

Mr. Randall unwittingly scores another point for Dr. Salvadori. To refute him, he cites the career of Mr. Lewis W. Douglas as an ambassador and of Mr. George M. Humphrey in handling our external finances. But no other men were so prominently identified with the deathbed resistance to the flexible budget and fiscal policies, which softened the impact of capitalism on the individual, stabilized it and, quite likely, saved it. There is no chance whatever that historians will miss the point. Nor do they make heroes of those who resist history. Mr. Douglas is already principally celebrated in history because he quit Roosevelt on the issue of balancing the budget at the bottom of the Depression. Wishful thinking, combined with inability to see public policy in reasonable perspective may also be undamaging in heavy industry, but they too are bad in Washington.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH.

Newfane, Vt.

A THINKING WOMAN'S COMPLAINT

WITH THE IMMINENCE OF Mr. Khrushchev's visit [SR August 15] to the U. S., I am fearful that he will get wind of that army of people cited on TV who "can't brush after every meal." The implications will be clear to him:

American men have no pockets in which to carry address book, pens, pencils, credit cards, cigarettes, wallets, or keys, much less a small tube of toothpaste and a brush. Our women have no purses in which to carry compact, lipstick, comb, keys, rug samples, grocery list, gloves, rain cap, Johnny's report card, or Aunt Jane's last letter, much less a tooth brush. All of them—men, women *and* children—must spend entire days without access to lavatories or running water of any kind.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Frankly, Mr. Stuart, you're in a rut."

He will be impressed, I am sure, with the ingenuity of a toothpaste company in providing a dentifrice that prevents tooth decay until these unfortunate people can get home to some kind of plumbing.

Certainly he will be fiendishly overjoyed to discover the primitive conditions under which a large segment of our population must work and live.

LOIS W. LAUTNER.

Chicago, Ill.

NUMBER ONE

"NUMRER ONE ON THE AGENDA" deals with a topic that should indeed be No. 1 on any agenda—world law enforcement. Not too much can be said about it; inevitably, it is the only way to true world peace. Isn't it obvious that eventually all nations must surrender a great deal of their authority to a higher form? The world grows smaller —where once isolated tribes roamed, great nations now jostle elbow to rib. Now we must abandon our narrow-minded pride-in-country, and look to the larger. This is not the time for flag flying, unless that flag be the flag of all nations.

JAMES A. CARDARELLE.

Columbia, S. C.

THE CASE FOR FREEDOM

I AM AFRAID that in the many international handshakes and fraternizing toasts one might tend to forget that behind the current political and economical struggle lies a deep philosophical clash between the Communist and non-Communist world. The governing ideology of the first hinges on denying the wealth and reality of democratic experience reflected in such ideals as uncontrolled voting polls, free travel and exchange of ideas on all levels; free press and radio; unregimented religious freedom, that is a way of living and thinking that has become increasingly precious to us. As long as ideologies and policies deny peoples the essential position of free individuals, and inviolable human rights, in the common family of mankind, governments cannot safely be trusted with the making of a just and durable peace. Peace is not static. It is not just balance of power but a sincere reconciliation of differences and rival power blocs.

The problem, therefore, transposes itself into the necessity for us to tackle the more basic job of recasting human values and international policies on a moral foundation and not an idea that smacks of Machiavellianism, however moderate it may be. If moral truth, which is evident in the experiences of a Francis Bacon, a Spinoza, a John Locke, a Thomas Jefferson, the humanist, the parliamentarians, the good fighters for human liberty and dignity, is excluded from the politics of freedom, the case for freedom is clouded and the future of even structured peace is doubtful.

WILLIAM D. BONIS.

Austin, Tex.

HERE AND THERE

MR. WILLIAM BENTON'S discussion of education [*SR* August 15] is noteworthy because of its objectivity, especially about education in Russia. I believe it should be understood that neither Mr. Benton, nor any other person of like ability so far as I can learn, has ever observed the vast difference between education here and in Russia. This difference is that Russian teachers and students have been relieved, for good or evil, from that obfuscation that is the basis of all religions. Such obfuscation profoundly affects all education in this country.

OTTO MCFEELY.

Oak Park, Ill.

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TV AND RADIO

A Deadly Calm in the Windy City

THE sudden interest displayed recently by Representative Oren Harris, Democrat of Arkansas, in the New York Grand Jury presentment involving rigged TV quiz shows is commendable but on the wrong side of the camera. Chairman Harris's House Legislative Oversight subcommittee was set up to study the operation of the FCC (as one of the "Big Six" Federal regulatory agencies)—not the improprieties of the giveaway shows. Professor Bernard Schwartz, the New York University law professor who went to Washington as Harris's chief counsel and spectacularly went out again, states in his book, "The Professor and the Commissions" (Alfred A. Knopf), that he had scheduled "no less than seventeen television cases for full-scale inquiry," which the committee "has failed to develop further." In addition, he "had developed extensive materials with regard to the FCC's failure to implement anti-trust policies and its refusal to prevent patent monopoly in broadcasting, but these received only the most casual attention by the Congressmen."

The favors and fraternization issue involving the FCC commissioners and the broadcasting operators they are required to regulate remains to be fully explored in public, in fairness both to the public and the commissioners. And if Representative Harris sought escape from the capital's summer heat, he could have hied his committee to Chicago for meatier headlines on the shores of Lake Michigan. Not merely the spirit but the very letter of the Communications Act is being ignored there within the full cognizance of the FCC. NBC's and CBS's TV and radio stations in Chicago have been operating *without licenses* since last December. Before it decides whether or not to renew them, the FCC is presumably "carefully scrutinizing" the complaint petition submitted last October by the Chicago local of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA).

The talent union asked that public hearings be held by the FCC, before renewing the CBS and NBC licenses, to determine whether the network owners had lived up to their promises of performance made when originally obtaining their franchises, and whether the networks in their recent cut-back of local talent shows in Chicago had not faulted their "public-service" local programming responsibilities. The issue is a serious matter of employment, community identity, and pride to Chicagoans. Six years ago, the celebrated "Chicago-style" broadcasters originated thirteen network TV shows and forty-two network radio programs. Today, NBC and CBS originate no network TV shows in Chicago and only newscasts and a farm program on network radio. NBC's Chicago news director, William Ray, didn't have a news camera crew available last December when the city's tragic school fire made national headlines. Ray had to hire a free-lance cameraman.

Senator Paul H. Douglas, of Illinois, Chicago's Mayor Richard J. Daley, the City Council, Illinois members of Congress, and state labor unions have joined the clamor raised by AFTRA, but to date, the FCC has scheduled no hearings, made no finding of fact, taken no action. The FCC's usual and often valid plea—"volume of business, shortage of staff"—has been made, but it would seem that more than a reasonable period has passed. The chairman of the FCC, John C. Doerfer, said before the Administrative Law Section of the American Bar Association last December: "If delayed justice is no justice, certainly an administrative agency delayed proceeding is worse than none at all, in my humble opinion." Why doesn't Representative Oren Harris ask Chairman Doerfer if, in his humble opinion, the Chicago shoe fits? The issue raised by the hard-hit Chicago talent union is of far more "intense and paramount Federal interest" than the New York grand jury presentment on the defunct quiz shows.

IT raises once again the performance vs. promise paradox, wherein applicants for broadcast licenses make stunning promises of public service programming, glaringly fail to live up to them, and still get their licenses renewed, period after period. It brings up once more the matter of to what extent licenses shall be granted to absentee owners who have no roots in a community. It pointedly asks what are the obligations of a licensee in coverage of local affairs, and in the employment and development of local talent. It challenges the Commission to apply settled law rather than apparent whim or caprice to the facts of a case, which goes to the heart of the important matter of diversification in the mass-communication media. The matter of what actually does constitute the "public interest, convenience and necessity" in broadcasting is here very much involved.

All these matters have been publicly flogged to a fare-thee-well in the twenty-five years of the FCC's history, and it would be difficult to find a serious observer of broadcasting in the United States who would not agree with Professor Schwartz's inference in his book, that "regulation in the public interest (has) become fundamentally a fiction to mask the reality of regulation in the interest of those being regulated." The professor divides the life cycle of the typical regulatory agency into four periods: gestation, youth, maturity, and old age. First, the agency is born with reform in its blood. In youth, it fights most vigorously for the public interest. In maturity, it enjoys good relationships with the regulated industry; in old age the agency comes completely to terms with those whom it is ostensibly regulating and accepts a "more or less open alliance."

The Chicago case, however, seems to have introduced an even bolder wrinkle. Why hasn't the FCC renewed the local NBC and CBS licenses? Is it really planning to hold a public hearing in which the networks will be given an opportunity to explain that they dropped the Chicago shows to replace them with network programs which drew higher ratings? Will the Commission actually subpoena as witnesses local Chicago sponsors who are reported indignant at having their local shows summarily cancelled? Section 307 (d) of the Communications Act states: "No license granted for the operation of a broadcasting station shall be for a longer term than three years." Section 309 sets forth a specific procedure to be followed in the event the Commission can't make up its mind about a license renewal. This procedure has been ignored in the Chicago case. Section 309 also states expressly that "The station license shall not vest in the licensee any right to operate the station . . . beyond the term thereof . . ."

Representative Harris probably has neither the desire nor the power to rejuvenate the FCC in its old age, but his Legislative Oversight subcommittee could, with considerable justification, ask the Commission whether it is impervious to the unequivocal fundamental of the law, which presumably governs it.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Nice Guys Finish First

TAB HUNTER, in **"That Kind of Woman,"** is given the herculean task of winning Sophia Loren away from George Sanders, and he succeeds, it would seem, only because he has Hollywood on his side. This is not meant to underrate Mr. Hunter's good looks and acting ability, but consider the circumstances! The time is 1944 and Mr. Hunter is a paratrooper, a private first-class, a boyish lad of twenty-three, bound for overseas duty. During a wartime train ride from Florida to New York on his last leave he encounters Sophia Loren, who turns out to be a worldly mistress of someone vaguely referred to as The Man. Now who exactly is The Man, and what does he represent in the way of competition? He happens to be George Sanders, with all that it implies: mature good looks, cultivation, education. Add to this the fact that he is one of the richest and most powerful men in the country and that he happens, too, to be the scion of one of our most notable families. And as though that wouldn't be enough to crush the hopes of Private Hunter, Mr. Sanders offers Miss Loren his hand in marriage, although she already appears to possess his crown jewels.

Yet youth, sincerity, persistence, and true love win out, and it is not so much that I object to these nice things, but the patness of the assumption that they never fail. I might have been more convinced had Private Hunter revealed himself to be a Rockefeller in disguise, the inventor of radar, or the winner of the Medal of Honor—something, in other words, to logically break down the obviously materialistic bent, or bring out the patriotic spirit of the sophisticated woman played by Miss Loren, with her appearance of having tired of several Tab Hunters before cornering George Sanders. Nevertheless, at the moment of decision she has Mr. Sanders take back his jewels, his Sutton Place town house, and off she hurries to engage herself to the paratrooper and to meet his folks in Vermont. Just how would *they* react to their son's marrying a kept woman?

The movie has several pleasant things to offer: amusing and persuasive performances by Jack Warden (as another soldier) and Keenan Wynn (as the rich man's watchdog over his girl), some charming acting from Miss Loren, accomplished suavity by George Sanders, and appropriate lovesick earnestness by Tab Hunter. Best of all is Sidney Lumet's direction. He, with the aid of his photographer, Boris Kaufman, provides perhaps the most marvelously real and hilarious train ride ever captured on the screen. Walter Bernstein's dialogue is smooth throughout, and for those who believe in miracles there is a happy ending.

* * *

Youth and age make for a somewhat more even contest in **"But Not For Me,"** which stars Clark Gable and Carroll Baker in an unconvincing story about the theatre. Gable's competitor for the heart of Miss Carroll is Barry Coe, a serious young fellow who hardly seems a match for the old pro, until reason comes to the rescue of Miss Baker. She chooses youth and seriousness over lightheaded middle-age and romance, and just as well, because the former wife of the older man is waiting in the wings, ready to take him in hand again. Their theatrical occupations are as follows: Gable is a producer, Miss Baker his secretary, Barry Coe an actor, and Lilli Palmer, former wife and angel. Dragged in, too, and looking unhappy about it, is Lee J. Cobb, as a reformed alcoholic playwright. It struck me that only Miss Baker was able to rescue a part for herself from an otherwise banal script, directed with a painstaking lack of humor by Walter Lang.

* * *

M-G-M might have borrowed elements from "The Taming of the Shrew," for its comedy, **"It Started With A Kiss,"** or it may only have been Debbie Reynolds who, intentionally or not, makes herself unpleasant as a calculating, willful, stubborn and selfish wife of a serviceman based in Spain. Glenn Ford, as her husband, finally tames her, and is his usual agreeable self through a rather puzzling farce based on the strange notion that a girl who finds her husband physically irresistible must test their marriage by eliminating sex. The movie, however, does not, and, in fact, refers to the subject constantly. Aside from a few farcical moments provided by Glenn Ford and Fred Clark, the movie has little on its side except for a bullfight scene and some occasional Spanish scenery. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Report from Moscow's Film Festival

Moscow.

THE FIRST Moscow Film Festival, which recently got under way here, had a number of strange and wonderful components, including Nikita Khrushchev and Great Britain's rock 'n' roller Tommy Steele.

The inaugural ceremony offered all the best Soviet trappings. An orderly crowd promptly sprang up around the door of the Hotel Moskva, just off Red Square, which houses all Festival visitors, delegates, stars, and journalists, fifteen minutes before everyone was to be whisked off in a fleet of tan autos resembling 1948 Chevrolets. As each group of delegates went out to their cars, the crowd applauded dutifully, if a little vaguely. The one star, pretty blonde French actress Nicola Courcel, freshly coiffeured and elegantly evening-gowned from Paris, was rapidly surrounded by curious Muscovites, who wanted a closer look at such unusual garb. She was rather dismayed to find many thought she was Simone Signoret, whose film, "Room at the Top" was being presented out of competition that night.

The motor cavalcade swiftly honked its way through the city to the outskirts where Lenin Stadium lay, a huge structure sitting in the shadow of the wedding cake of Moscow University on the banks of the Moskva River. Bright-faced young girls pushed small bouquets of cellophane-wrapped flowers at the foreign guests in a good-natured but thoroughly haphazard fashion. Inside the stadium, some 4,000 people sat on hard seats under the flags of the twenty-odd participating nations. The air was perfumed faintly from an earlier equestrian sporting event.

The inevitable mammoth dove, here outlined in film, was sewn to the stage curtains. Minister of Culture Nikolai Mikhailov officially opened the festival by reading Mr. Khrushchev's personal greetings. And slowly to the playing of the Soviet national anthem a flood-lit pale blue festival banner was raised in the darkened hall.

The first film, "Room at the Top," provoked a number of slightly shocked murmurs from the audience, and finally was applauded politely but nothing more. Many of the British delegates were troubled that the grim scenes of Dufton mill-town life might tend to support certain Soviet notions about the general living conditions of workers in the West. Next morning's *Pravda* with its assertions that the English film illustrated the deplorable situation of the exploited worker in the capitalist world sadly confirmed the worst British fears.

For the first official Festival entry, presented smack-dab inside the Kremlin in an attractively modern cinema housed in the pastel-yellow eighteenth-century theatre, the Indians offered "The Music Room," the third film of Satyajit Ray after "Pather Panchali" and "Aparajito." It is, quite simply, a remarkable, even

great film, made with the subtlety, beauty, and maturity found only rarely in any art form.

Ray, as perhaps no other film director, manages to create the feeling of the passing of time, of life, mainly through adroit selection of details and moments which serve, as it were, to sum up a man's entire character. The film has the quality and complexity usually reserved to that of the art of the novel, while keeping all the visual beauty that is inherent to any great motion picture.

THE United States made its one appearance with an out of competition presentation by 20th Century Fox president Spyros Skouras of "The Diary of Anne Frank." Mr. Skouras provoked a certain amount of merriment in the Russian audience by earnestly informing them that the United States would be happy to raise Soviet living standards to those of its own people, and that free circulation of American films in the Soviet Union would be a great step forward towards mutual understanding. The film itself left the audience wet-eyed and moved.

The fun of the Festival came with the world première of "Babette Goes to War," which introduced Brigitte Bardot to the Russian people. Feather-light and fancy-free, the film brought the biggest and longest round of applause of the Festival. The Russian audience clearly lived through every moment of the film right with Mlle. Bardot. Her every pout and toss of the head met with little affectionate murmurs and chuckles of appreciation. No question about it—it was love at first sight. Given half a chance, Mlle. Bardot could probably find herself as popular in the Soviet Union as she is already in the United States. Surprisingly enough, she won her Russian viewers, if not with her acting certainly with her charm, as in this film not one square millimeter of the celebrated Bardot skin below the neck is seen. Throughout she is discreetly and correctly clad as befitting a member of the Free French Forces in London during the last war.

THE producer, Raoul J. Levy, a dynamic character who flew into Moscow with six hundred pounds of overweight baggage, addressed the delighted audience in Russian. He begged them not to think that the film was treating lightly a war in which they had so greatly suffered, but rather to remember that early in 1940 when the film's action takes place, no one realized just how serious the conflict was going to be. Judging by the audience response of nearly uninterrupted laughter and applause, Mr. Levy need not have worried.

Also on the light side was the two-day visit of the British singer, Tommy Steele, who rocked the Russians in his own way. He gave his opinions at length on Soviet youth to a rather dazed Minister of Culture, and went on television to speak directly to the young people themselves. His message was simple and to the point: "Do what you dig. Dig what you do. In whatever you dig and whatever you do, live up to the name: Teen-ager." He then proceeded to sing what he termed a "folk ballad" entitled "My Bucket Has a Hole in It." After his appearance he opined that he would have "lots" to say about Soviet youth on his return to London. "Why," he observed, "they even do things their parents would approve of."

The fortuitous coinciding of the festival with Vice-President Nixon's visit, frivolous aspects included, is serving to blow some healthy gusts of fresh, free air into Moscow, and if movie audiences are any criteria of a people the gusts appear more than welcome. —CYNTHIA GRENIER.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Broadway Forecast

THE 1959-60 Broadway season appears to be the most heavily laden with prospective productions and stars of any recent years. The chart covers just those thirty-one shows scheduled to open between now and the end of December.

With the great demand for the few available playhouses, the number of untested plays and playwrights diminishes in proportion to more proven material and musical shows. This is so despite the fact that last year's best play, "A Raisin in the Sun," came from an untested writer and that at least half of last season's musicals were failures.

Except for "A Loss of Roses," William Inge's new play dealing with the Oedipus complex, the new plays are mostly by playwrights who have scored one or two big successes, but who have not yet written very many plays. Robert Anderson ("Tea and Sympathy") returns after a five-year hiatus with another play that uses a New England prep-school locale, but which this time is concerned entirely with adults. Lawrence and Lee ("Inherit the Wind") have, it is rumored, fashioned a drama about a President resembling Harding and the politics of the Twenties. George Axelrod will give us a farce about a modern Don Juan who is reincarnated as a beautiful woman. While William Gibson ("Two for the Seesaw"), Dore Schary ("Sunrise at Campobello"), and Paddy Chayevsky ("Middle of the Night") have fewer Broadway credits, this perhaps adds an exciting element of suspense as to how they will bear out their initial promise. If any of these falter, Leslie Stevens ("The Marriage Go-Round") has a new play ("The Pink Jungle" with Ginger Rogers) taking a long pre-Broadway tour, and director Frank Corsaro's first effort ("A Piece of Blue Sky" with Shelley Winters) has had a successful testing on the summer circuit.

While Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, Lillian Hellman, and Arthur Laurents all have entries close to completion, none has been definitely scheduled for this season. Thornton Wilder has five one-act plays ready for presentation at Circle-in-the-Square's new theatre, but ironically these will probably be held up by the hit revival of his "Our Town," which continues to do capacity business.

Of the plays taken from material already published, Harry Golden's "Only in America" seems most provocative. However, "Cheri" will give us a chance to see Kim Stanley, regarded by many as the best American actress of her generation, and "Dear Liar" will be an interesting test of whether Katharine Cornell will seem more like Mrs. Patrick Campbell, than Mrs. Patrick Campbell seems like Katharine Cornell.

The foreign imports were all hits in their respective countries, but none of them seems either to fit the existing conventions of our theatre terribly well, or to be powerful enough to challenge those conventions successfully. Four productions with a seemingly better chance are Ruth Gordon in Felicien Marceau's "The Gravy Train," Albert Camus's "Caligula" with Kenneth Haigh, Vivien Leigh and Nan Martin in Giraudoux's "Duel of Angels," and Graham Greene's "The Complaisant Lover." These have been postponed until later in the season because of lack of available theatres.

The shortest but happiest category is the one of revivals. When seen in London three summers ago, Sir John Gielgud's performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" seemed perfection and comic delight. And "The Great God Brown," and "Heartbreak House" are most substantial and interesting works originally produced ahead of their time.

In the field of musicals, revues and one-man shows, the outlook is promising. "The Sound of Music" (about the Trapp family of traveling singers), "Saratoga," and "Take Me Along," are all fashioned by top expert talent. And "Fiorello" is written by the young and highly promising team of Bock and Harnick, who did such a good job on "The Body Beautiful" a couple of seasons ago. Scheduled later in the season are the Teichmann, Schwartz, and Dietz musical, "Mrs. 'Arris Goes to Paris," Lerner and Loewe's newest creation based on the legends of King Arthur, and "Irma La Douce." The latter is a disarmingly innocent musical about a Montmartre prostitute with a great score by Marguerite Mounnot ("The Poor People of Paris"). Its successful London adaptation seemed appallingly pretentious and cute, but it is hoped that the American presentation will remedy this enough for us to sense the quality of the original.

The above would seem to guarantee a more successful and substantial season than the one just passed, even though the discouragement of new, less sure but perhaps more provocative material presented by the theatre shortage may affect the vitality and fertility of the 1959-1960 output. —HENRY HEWES.

Theatre Forecast for 1959

	TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
NEW	THE GANG'S ALL HERE, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee	Melvyn Douglas, Bert Wheeler, Arthur Hill	Thurs., Oct. 1 Ambassador
NEW	THE GOLDEN FLEECING, by Lorenzo Semple, Jr.	Susan Cabot, Constance Ford, Tom Poston	Wed., Oct. 14 Henry Miller
NEW	MOTEL, by Thomas W. Phipps	Siobhan McKenna	Thurs., Oct. 15
NEW	THE MIRACLE WORKER, by William Gibson	Anne Bancroft, Patricia Neal	Mon., Oct. 19 Playhouse
NEW	THE WARM PENINSULA, by Joe Masteroff	Julie Harris, June Havoc, Ruth White	Tues., Oct. 20 Helen Hayes
NEW	THE HIGHEST TREE, by Dore Schary	Kenneth MacKenna, Diana Douglas	Wed., Nov. 4 Longacre
NEW	THE TENTH MAN, by Paddy Chayevsky	Donald Harron, Jack Pearl, Risa Schwartz, Gene Saks	Thurs., Nov. 5 Booth
NEW	SILENT NIGHT, LONELY NIGHT, by Robert Anderson	Henry Fonda, Barbara Bel Geddes, Ede Heinemann	Thurs., Dec. 3 Morosco
NEW	GOODBYE CHARLIE, by George Axelrod	Lauren Bacall, Sydney Chaplin, Cara Williams	Wed., Dec. 16 Lyceum
NEW	A LOSS OF ROSES, by William Inge		Wed., Dec. 9 Coronet
NEW	CHERI, from two novels by Colette	Kim Stanley, Horst Buckholtz	Thurs., Oct. 8 Morosco

(*chart continued on page* 34)

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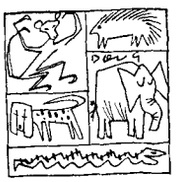
BOOKS	ONLY IN AMERICA, from Harry Golden's Book	Nehemiah Persoff, Shepperd Strudwick	Thurs., Nov. 19 Cort
	JOLLY'S PROGRESS, from Lonnie Coleman's "Adams Way"	Eartha Kitt	Tues., Nov. 24
	THE MIDNIGHT SUN, by Joseph Hayes	Janet Gaynor, Steve Hill	Tues., Dec. 1
	JUNIPER AND THE PAGANS, from James Norman's "Juniper and the General"	David Wayne, Hume Cronyn	Fri., Dec. 25
	DEAR LIAR, from The Shaw-Campbell Letters	Katharine Cornell, Brian Aherne	Mon., Dec. 28
IMPORT	MOONBIRDS, by Marcel Aymé	Wally Cox, Michael Horden	Wed., Oct. 7 Cort
	FLOWERING CHERRY, by Richard Bolt	Wendy Hiller, Eric Portman	Fri., Oct. 23 Lyceum
	MOTHER COURAGE, by Bertolt Brecht	Katina Paxinou, Maria Schell	Wed., Oct. 21
	FIVE FINGER EXERCISE, by Peter Shaffer	Jessica Tandy, Roland Culver, Brian Bradford	Wed., Dec. 2 Music Box
	TIME'S FOOL, by Jean Anouilh	Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowell, Arthur Treacher	Tues., Dec. 8 ANTA
OLD	MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, by William Shakespeare	John Gielgud, Margaret Leighton, Hurd Hatfield	Thurs., Sept. 17 Lunt-Fontanne
	THE GREAT GOD BROWN, by Eugene O'Neil	*Fritz Weaver, Robert Geiringer*	*Mon., Oct. 5 Phoenix*
	HEARTBREAK HOUSE, by Bernard Shaw	Maurice Evans, Diana Wynyard, Sam Levene	Sun., Oct. 18 National
MUSICAL	HAPPYTOWN, by Harry Haldane, Gordon Duffy	Henry Hull, Biff McGuire, Cindy Robbins	Tues., Oct. 6 54th Street
	AT THE DROP OF A HAT, revue by Flanders & Swann	Michael Flanders, Donald Swann	Thurs., Oct. 8 Golden
	TAKE ME ALONG, by Joseph Stein, Bob Merrill based on Eugene O'Neil's "Ah Wilderness"	Jackie Gleason, Walter Pidgeon, Eileen Herlie, Robert Morse	Thurs., Oct. 22 Shubert
	THE GIRLS AGAINST THE BOYS, revue by Arnold Horwitt, Richard Lewine	*Bert Lahr, Nancy Walker, Shelly Berman*	*Tues., Oct. 27 Alvin*
	THE SOUND OF MUSIC, by Lindsay & Crouse, Rodgers & Hammerstein	Mary Martin, Kurt Kasznar, Patricia Neway	Thurs., Nov. 12 Lunt-Fontanne
	FIORELLO, by Jerome Weidman, Jerry Bock, Sheldon Harnick	Tom Bosley, Ellen Hanley	Mon., Nov. 23 Broadhurst
	SARATOGA, by Morton Da Costa, Harold Arlen, Johnny Mercer based on Edna Ferber's "Saratoga Trunk"	Howard Keel, Carol Lawrence	Mon., Dec. 7 Winter Garden



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WHO'S ZOO

Margaret Y. Bishop of Norwalk, Ohio, submits herewith the story-names of various members of the animal kingdom who are characters in works of fiction (prose or verse). Alongside these are the kinds of animals they are. She asks you to make the correct assignations, and also to identify the books these animals are in and the names of the authors who christened them. Answers on page 40.

1. Gissing	( ) lion
2. Stuart Little	( ) elephant
3. Rosinante	( ) orang-utan
4. Mehitabel	( ) reindeer
5. Captain Flint	( ) moose
6. Dab Dab	( ) bull
7. Kaa	( ) muskrat
8. Mrs. Tiggiwinkle	( ) hedgehog
9. Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy	( ) python
10. Ferdinand	( ) duck
11. Thidwick	( ) parrot
12. Comet	( ) cat
13. Jup	( ) horse
14. Babar	( ) mouse
15. Jad Bal Ja	( ) dog

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Alaska: New Gold Rush

—*Alaska Visitors Assoc.*

This five-generation family of Alaskan ladies pose ruff-necked and parka-packed.

FAIRBANKS.

THERE ARE hours of wilderness flying on the way to Fairbanks, which is as far north as Nome and almost directly over the Hawaiian Islands, if you dropped a plumb line straight south. Cruising over this endless sea of evergreen for over five hours I was, in a way, almost surprised that we located it, a scattered settlement nestling in seclusion there by the river, north of the sixty-third parallel.

The northward excursion, moreover, made as it was, in the roomy old Boeing Stratocruisers that Pan American is using on its Alaska runs these days, seems even more incongruous once you've had a look at this gold rush town. Recalling bygone flights to London and others from Honolulu to Los Angeles aboard this winged Waldorf, I have long maintained that the Stratocruiser is the world's most agreeable airplane. With the advent of the jets on other routes Pan American has, I couldn't help but feel, relegated its Stratocruisers—old before their time—to the Alaska run. As for me, I could scarcely have been more pleased to fly it, but those long, comfortable hours in the lower-deck cocktail lounge on the way here, were on later reflection, rather like riding a Hispano Suiza to a clambake.

Fairbanks, let's face it, is still frontier. There may be a small skyscraper or two, albeit of modest size, but beavers still build dams on the river in view of the tenants, and some citizens still live in log cabins that are as prominent in Fairbanks today as tenements in Manhattan. Strolling into a main-drag luncheonette, you can order a bowl of soup, buy a magazine, or have your arm tattooed. Yet the supermarkets nearby are as shiny as any Mikoyan visited in Maryland, and only the prices are different. Heads of lettuce are available at anywhere from forty-seven cents to seventy-nine cents, depending upon size. A five-pound caponette bore a price tag of $4.90, and three ears of corn were available to anyone willing to ante up fifty-nine cents. Eight ounces of heavy cream costs fifty-nine cents, or did on the day I shopped, and regular local milk was forty-seven cents a quart.

No matter how much one may have heard of the prices of Alaska, especially arctic Alaska, the laundry and cleaning costs are enough to prostrate the most profligate philanthropist, and I must say paying $2.55 for a haircut and being offered a shoeshine for seventy-five cents caused a fluttering in my auricle that a cool can of beer (at seventy-five cents a can) failed totally to calm.

About the best accommodations in downtown Fairbanks are theoretically available in a motel called the Traveler's Inn, a twin of a similar enterprise in Anchorage. At certain hours of the day, a bellhop of schoolboy age is on hand and in deference to the tourists that crowd the place, he wears a parka, a pullover with a fur-trimmed hood. Parkas are pronounced *parky* up here, and the fur trim is called a *ruff*. These summer days the uniform is a "summer parka," but even so it's an uncomfortable rig. Although the city is perched on permafrost, it is shirt-sleeve weather here in midsummer, and daylight lasts far into the night.

Hotel accommodations are difficult to come by in Alaska, and I had, in fact, been all but talked out of this tour of the tundra by a prominent Alaska travel executive who told me flatly that it would be impossible to find space here in midsummer. This assessment, however professional the source, proved something of an exaggeration. Independent tourists who fly up here will certainly experience difficulty in finding rooms at the last minute, but a casual look at the advance reservations in midsummer revealed scattered available rooms for late-season dates. On the other hand, travelers heading for these parts simply have to attune themselves to the price structure and be prepared to pay $17 a day for a double room and very little service. The food prices are moderately high considering that the restaurant of the Traveler's Inn is a motel coffee shop by continental U. S. standards. Still, a plateful of Alaska king crab legs is a respectable $3.50 and the white flaky meat, which is not nearly as recalcitrant as a lobster in parting with its casing, will be more than the average man can eat. I must say, no restaurant in memory ever served me too much lobster.

A marvelous sleeper of a place where the rooms have actually gone begging this summer is Cripple Creek Resort, in the suburb of Ester, a few miles outside Fairbanks. Built out of an old gold mining camp, Cripple Creek has thirty-five double rooms, all of them neat and new and equipped with private baths. Meals are served mining-camp style on long tables in a large barn of a room, which is otherwise decorated with nickelodeons and moose heads. Sourdough breakfasts call for sourdough hotcakes with hot huckleberry syrup, smoked pork shingles, or freshly ground reindeer sausage—your choice. At dinnertime shee fish, an arctic catch, is deep fried, and there are salmon steaks, reindeer steaks and hot miner biscuits.

Cripple Creek has also organized a summer program of singular activities—gold panning, horsedrawn wagon tours of mining operations, reindeerburger parties, and eskimo dances by a troupe which performs on stage alongside a dogsled once owned by the famed racer, Horace Holysmoke (no rel.).

Evening entertainment in down-

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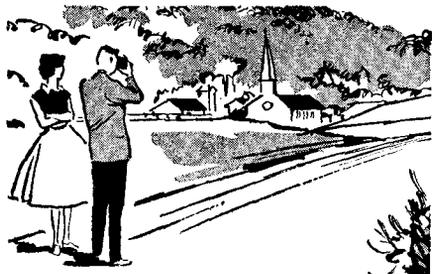

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Are You Looking For That Dream House— To Rent Or To Buy?
See Classified, Page 44.

town Fairbanks is inclined towards the raw and lusty. The local El Morocco is a dusty arena where drinks are a dollar each, cash on the barrelhead, and your change in silver dollars. The entertainment on the night I explored the place was a band of displaced female impersonators up from the honky tonks of the West Coast. If their freak routines were a bore to visitors from what Alaskans call The Outside, they were fascination incarnate to the local citizens that packed the place at show time. I emerged gratefully at midnight and drove home in the eerie daylight without headlights.

The prime excursion for tourists at large in Fairbanks is a four-hour trip that covers twenty-five miles of the river aboard an old rehabilitated paddle-wheeler. The ship nuzzles up alongside Indian fish wheels which, cranked by the swift current, flip immense salmon out of the flowing glacial silt waters of the Tanana River. At the Indian camps, which the paddle-wheeler also visits, the salmon is skinned, cleaned and boned, then dried and smoked and stored away for the winter months, when it will provision the family and the dog teams, too. The river in the winter months, of course, is frozen solid, a circumstance that provides for a huge lottery known as the Nenana Ice Pool. The bettors contribute to a pot that grows well over $100,000, gambling on the exact moment of the breakup of the ice at the town of Nenana, sixty miles south of Fairbanks. The listing of the entrants and their guesses fill a volume as thick as the Brooklyn telephone directory.

Storing away provisions for the winter is not solely a practice of the Indians. C. W. Snedden, publisher of *The Fairbanks News-Miner* who happened to be aboard the paddle-wheeler the day we cruised the fish-wheel country, told me he hunts moose each fall, eats it all winter. A small yearling with a gross weight of about 1,300 pounds will dress out at about 500 pounds or more, providing meat for moose steak and moose roasts as tasty as baby beef. Game is so plentiful in the unspoiled wilderness that Snedden likes to tell the story of a sporting friend who came to visit him bent on getting a dall sheep, a grizzly, a caribou, and a moose. The friend only had a week. As it turned out, he bagged one each and went home two days early.

A fair idea of the game that lives outside town can be gained by nothing more adventurous than a trip to the museum on the grounds of the University of Alaska at College, a community just outside Fairbanks. Its most awesome exhibit is a brown bear shot in 1950 that weighed 1,500 pounds and stands, stuffed, at nine feet tall. Among the other fauna here on the hill, is a stuffed two-headed caribou fawn, a mastodon tooth, the tusks of a hairy mammoth, and a set of interlocked moose horns, a memorial to a final fight that brought death to both warriors. I move that it be presented to Khrushchev as a going-away present when he leaves the United States.

Among other exhibits is the waxed mustache bust of Felice Pedroni, donated by the Italian government in honor of the Italian immigrant who discovered gold in Fairbanks on July 22, 1902. There is the log of the Italian dirigible Norge that left Italy April 10, 1926, and floating by way of London, Oslo, Leningrad, and Spitzbergen, came down at Teller, Alaska, on May 13, 1926. It had traveled 7,750 miles at an average speed of 43.3 miles an hour.

HUNG on a museum wall is the original design for Alaska's striking flag, which was designed by Benny Benson, then a seventh-grader in Seward High School. It combines the Big Dipper and the north star on a deep blue field. As Benny Benson himself explained, "The blue is for the Alaska sky and the forget-me-not, an Alaskan flower. The north star is for the future state of Alaska, the most northerly in the Union.

Somewhat more commercial in intent, but equally interesting to see is the exhibit of Arctic lore on the premises of Jonas Brothers' fur store in Fairbanks. There are lifesize models of Eskimo hunters wearing soft, warm parkas of the breasts of murre birds, Eskimo women fleshing fat from sealskins, and skin boats mounted on whale jawbones. At the same premises the well-dressed Alaskan can come by a pair of hair-seal slacks for $65, and to match, a hair-seal jacket with knit collars and cuffs for men at $157.50. Bolo ties with fur-seal sliders are the cravat of the north at $3.50, yet I feel confident they will never be copied by the Countess

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Mara. The local hula hoop is the Eskimo yo-yo, two balls of fur each suspended on a string of different length. The object is to make one fur ball twirl clockwise while the other spins counterclockwise, an action that somehow evoked fond memories among the more cultivated members of our party of the tassel twirlers who worked those Forty-second Street theatres in the bygone days of Minsky.

A few blocks away Martin Victor, a furrier who advertises "from the trapper to you," was in the middle

—Chas. J. Ott.

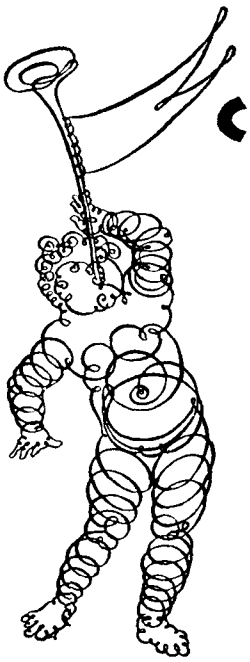
Toklat Grizzly, Mt. McKinley National Park.

of an August fur sale, a season when a Fairbanks citizen with forethoughts of the coming winter could buy a sheared white rabbit parka with a ruff of white Arctic fox for $125, a saving of $75 over the midwinter price. The handsomest of midwinter insulators is a parka made of *sicsicpuc*, or whistling marmot, a brown fur inlaid with a pattern of dog-sled trim on the bottom—$395 for men, $295 for ladies. Mukluks, the soft, northern calf-high boots cost $25 a pair, an indication of the high price of keeping warm.

I'm not sure what anybody can do with a *sicsicpuc* parka or a pair of mukluks once back home in the lower latitudes, although this furry gear is proving popular for those who expect to be on hand for the winter Olympics at Squaw Valley. An Eskimo yo-yo and a real whale's tooth are about as far as we have gone so far, although we do have in hand an Eskimo cook book, which includes such instructions as "Take the feathers off from the Owl. Clean owl and put in cooking pot. Have lots of water in pot. Add salt to taste." Also, how to cook the small intestines of ptarmigan and what to do to make bear feet tasty. Anybody invited to our house for supper this fall will be very wise to eat first.

—Horace Sutton.

Editor's Note: *This is the first of a series of articles on Alaska.*



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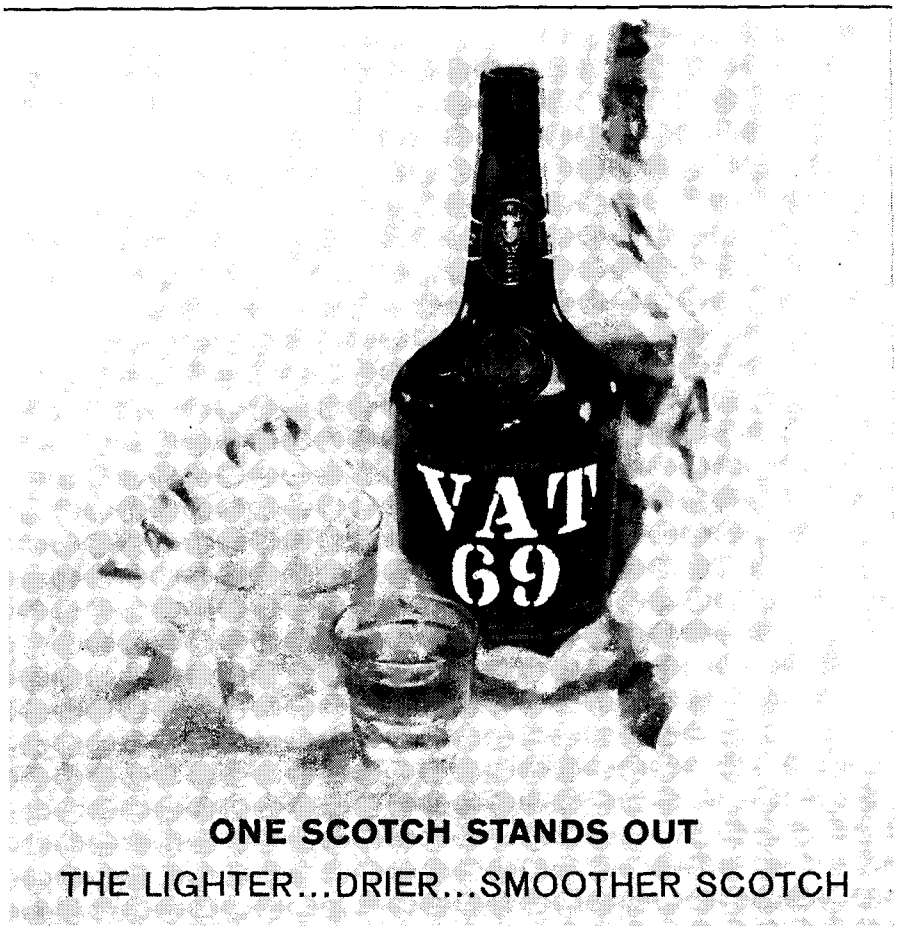

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People

(*Continued from page 25*)

boring and colorless image which has found its apotheosis in the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park.

Mr. Eyck's biography of the Prince Consort is more political than personal with, as his publishers say, an "emphasis on the need for a strong Germany." I find it hard to see how this thesis is borne out by this record of a second-rate figure whose chief merit was that he learned early not to interfere unduly in political affairs. In a memorandum to himself, headed "Necessity of caution in the extreme and discretion in the society of a Court," which Mr. Eyck quotes, the Prince Consort wrote, "The less the intercourse with all inmates . . . the better your chance of escaping difficulty . . . Avoid giving an opinion as much as possible, and *never* volunteer it." That is not the language of greatness but of mediocrity.

IT WAS not in the controversial sphere of international affairs but in the neutral territory of industry that Albert showed his talent. The Great Exhibition of 1851, a revolutionary enterprise in those days, originated in his suggestion to the Society of Arts. But even this admirable project illustrated how hard it was to be a consort and a foreigner *and* to have bright ideas. In the House of Lords, Lord Brougham fulminated that the Crown had no right to hold an exhibition in Hyde Park. In the House of Commons, a Colonel Sibthorp forecast that Britain would be overrun by aliens who would corrupt its morals, steal its secrets, subvert religion, and undermine its loyalty to the sovereign, Queen Victoria. Nevertheless, the Exhibition was opened by the Queen, and prospered together with the public esteem of Albert.

Throughout the second half of the nineteenth century, Britain was empire-building and France was the rival. That was the context of Anglo-German amiabilities, and the Prince Consort left no more than the legacy of a good public-relations man to reinforce these sympathies. He helped them, but history made them. Albert's real contribution to British life in the nineteenth century was to make it stuffy.

It is quite possible to imagine that had it not been for the Germanic heaviness which he helped to impose on society, Britain could have had an industrial revolution and built an empire gaily. It may well be that France's radiance derives in part from the fact that for all the tragedy of resisting the Germans in armed conflict, it also resisted the suffocating Prussian dreariness which even the famed Madame de Staël couldn't popularize in Paris.

The Prince Consort was a conformist, and this was a felicitous circumstance for the monarchy, for in the revolutionary decade of the 1840s when thrones began to tremble, it was only the most acceptable of rulers who survived. It would be of value if Mr. Eyck, who has written a most painstaking book, were to supplement it with a more personal account of Albert's influence on Queen Victoria and through her on popular sentiment. How was it that this inexperienced girl became the child of moderate change rather than the victim of revolution? And what, if anything, lies behind the portrait of Albert in Windsor Castle—that smooth, blank face with its little moustache and its pretty mouth?

It is a pity that in a biography of the Prince Consort Mr. Eyck hasn't dealt at any length with Albert's relations with his son who later became King Edward VII. He throws out a tantalizing hint when he mentions the Queen's opinion that her husband became ill after he visited his son at Cambridge. What happened when he got there? Gambling, horses, actresses? A row about the Prince's pro-German activities? About Edward's allowance? Mama's interference? Mr. Eyck is silent. His portrait of the Prince stares back at us with the stylized indifference of A. W. Penley's painting. The top hat's on the table; the gilt's on the wall; the trousers look padded. But where is the man?

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Queen Victoria with Albert in 1854 — He proved a stayer.

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Royalties

Continued from page 28

we recognize the very high literary worth of those books and are not afraid to say so. We respect the attempt of those writers to search for truth.

"It would please us deeply if the same liberal approach could be adopted by American publishers and critics. Perhaps when you return you might convey these views. You might also want to look into the practice of distorting those few books by Soviet authors that are published in the United States. American publishers will include Forewords without the consent of the author—Forewords that make it appear that these books are actually bitter attacks on Soviet society. This is misrepresentation, seriously so.

"I am not complaining because my own works are not represented in the United States. I'm used to it; it doesn't disturb me. And if American publishers do decide to take one of my books and they don't bother to ask my permission or pay me royalties, I am prepared to take this philosophically, especially if my books by any chance may do a little good."

I thanked Mr. Fedin for what he had just said. In bringing up the question of royalties, I certainly did not wish to foreclose discussion on other matters of mutual importance to writers in both countries. It would be a serious error, however, to minimize the royalties problem so far as our authors were concerned or to allow it to become entangled with these other issues. I said I hoped we might attempt to dispose of one question and then proceed to the next.

Marguerite Aliger, regarded by many Soviet literary critics as one of the most talented of young poets, politely interrupted me.

"You will forgive me if I observe that your approach is characteristic of your national traditions," she said. "America stresses efficiency and a commercial approach. Here in our country, our national character reflects the crusading spirit of our revolution; we are interested in ideas that are close to the people. I don't know whether I have made myself clear. It is always such a hazard to have to go through an interpreter. We poets constantly have to struggle with the hazards of translation.

"Anyway, we are interested in America. We hope you will be interested in us. We have tried to do something in our own country towards that purpose. We hope you will do something in America. As for the business matters, why not let the trade people worry about it?"

Mr. Zelenski decorated this theme by observing that the Soviet Union didn't buy American oranges. That was something for the orange growers to take up with the trade officials. Writers were concerned with literature, not oranges, therefore this was the wrong place for such a discussion.

MR. PERTSOV paid tribute to Mr. Fedin for writing so movingly about contemporary life and giving us a "chance to see the wholeness of our people." Then he said: "I should like, if I may, to make some general comment. I speak as a fellow critic and editor. It is customary for Soviet literary periodicals to publish literary criticism only after the books are read. You publish criticism in your country not only before the books are read but without the books ever being available. You don't publish the books themselves. My suggestion, therefore, is this: Provide space in the *Saturday Review* for Soviet critics to write about Soviet books that are worth knowing about and publishing. We will provide space in our journals for you to write about American authors whom you feel should be published. We should then publish those authors. You will publish our authors. This way we can make some progress. Do you agree?"

At first I hesitated to answer. What he had proposed was totally unacceptable. Mr. Pertsov had dramatized the authoritarian nature of the Soviet Union of Writers. The proper way to handle a problem, he in effect declared, was to make a deal between matching imperiums. He wanted to be able to call the shots on the writers who were to get attention. This is what they did inside the Soviet Union; why not do it the same way on the outside as well? And they were willing to trade privileges. Mr. Pertsov's proposal threw an important light, it seemed to me, on the nature of the Writers' Union. The Union has the power to accord recognition or withdraw it. It can surround a book or an author with the kind of effluvium that can almost automatically provide success and renown. It can influence acceptance of a manuscript. It can influence the kind of publication a book will be given. It owns journals of literary criticism. It can put a book within reach of the public. In short, the Union has both a closed shop and a closed circle. When recognition comes from the outside to a Soviet writer, it had better be to someone who is in favor. When it comes to someone who has committed the grossest of sins—looked elsewhere for approbation after his book has been rejected—then the resultant wrath is both predictable and thunderous. Pasternak's crime was that he sought acceptance and received it after being told by the ultimate authority that his book was objectionable and inadequate.

Mr. Pertsov was willing to be fair about his deal. He would accord us the same privilege.

As politely as I could, I told Mr. Pertsov that neither the editors of *SR* nor anyone else in the U. S. possessed the kind of authority that would make possible the kind of arrangement he proposed. I would be troubled, in fact, if any one person or agency in the United States had the power to specify which books would be put into print in the Soviet. And on the receiving end, I was certain each American publisher would want to retain complete independence of selection.

This bothered Mr. Pertsov, I am sure, as much as it bothered the others. For it meant that there was probably no real or operational relationship that could be formed between them and ourselves; at least, not on the basis that they proposed. They had a tight corporation; they could control the issuance of the stock and peg the prices. We were strictly open market. Their power held only so long as they could control recognition. Our method was decentralized, uncontrolled, hazardous, improbable.

AT THIS point in the meeting, we were light years apart. Yet, we could exchange some pleasantries about the need for both countries to find a basis for peace on the national level, and we could pledge ourselves as writers to that golden objective. But in those intimate matters where writers and critics are supposed to share a common language, even if the words are pointed in different directions, I am afraid we had no way of reaching one another.

Mr. Fedin looked at his watch. Mr. Chakofsky, who likes a tough debate but who, I sensed, felt a little awkward about the fact that I had been at a numerical disadvantage, said he hoped I didn't feel my visit had been a failure. I told him quite truthfully that I didn't feel I had failed altogether. For at least I had come to the right place. If the problem of the American author in the Soviet is to be solved at all, this is the place to begin.

The writers got up and started to leave. I made a point of going over to Mr. Fedin just before he left, telling him how grateful I was for his courteous consideration of the prob-

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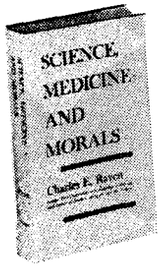

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lem I had put before the group. He said perhaps at some later date there might be a happier resolution than seemed to be possible at the moment. In any event, he hoped I had a good picture of the situation as it stood.

* * *

And that was the way the meeting ended.

Where do we go from here?

The problem could be solved with one sweep of the pen, of course, if the issue of royalties were to be tied into any general settlement between the two countries. Mr. Khrushchev, in direct discussion with the President, might decide this is a good thing to do, and let the Soviet writer's blue chips fall where they may.

Short of this, however, it would be reasonable to suppose that the question, if it is going to be solved at all, will require endurance and a gift for the long view. There is a glacial quality to Soviet positions where substantial self-interest is involved, as contradistinguished from ideological positions, which are apt to be regarded as tactical and therefore subject to correction. Yet even glaciers are subject to the laws of thaw; and it is our job to be eternally patient, inexhaustibly persistent, supernaturally benevolent.

In approaching the royalties question, it might be prudent to waive any retroactive claims and start afresh as of a given date. There is no doubt, moreover, that the dollar shortage in the Soviet Union is a serious one. Hence, we might indicate our willingness to take payment in rubles. The important thing is to get acceptance for the principle of royalty payments even though the form of the payments might not be ideal.

Here are the approaches open to us:

1. We can try the punitive approach. We can raid their literature—not only their novels and short stories but their text books and technical books (first-rate, incidentally). The desirability of the dollar being what it is, we can create a gravitational pull in a number of Soviet authors away from the present Union policy. If some of the leading Soviet writers have a direct stake in a royalties arrangement, we might be able to talk business. But the amounts involved, whether with respect to the novelists or the academicians, would have to be fairly substantial. American publishers, however, may not be too much interested in issuing Soviet books, even assuming publishable quality.

2. We can do exactly the opposite; namely, to treat Soviet authors on the same basis we do our own, regardless of our own hurts, grievances, resentments. Instead of imitating the offender, we can give him a polite lesson in the anatomy of decency and good faith. As in the case of the previous point, however, the number of books involved would have to be large enough to be visible.

3. Independently of points one and two, we can attack the problem from a variety of angles. We can step up the number of writers and publishers going to the Soviet Union, whether on an exchange or private basis. We can encourage our people to bring the subject up whenever it seems appropriate—and perhaps even on a few occasions when it might not seem appropriate—so long as they do so knowledgeably, courteously, effectively. If a writer like Ernest Hemingway, for example, were to get into a public discussion of the issue, the Writers' Union might find itself under considerable popular pressure. For Hemingway, perhaps more than any non-political figure in the world today, is a subject of adulation by the Russians.

4. We can make the question of royalties an item to be brought up for discussion at top-level meetings.

* * *

Not all these points are mutually exclusive, of course. My personal preference would be a combination of points two, three and four. I don't say we can shame the Soviet Writers' Union into doing the right thing just through the power of example. But I doubt that the punitive approach will do anything more than to give them grounds for self-justification. Besides, it is high time that the United States acted in keeping with its own history and traditions instead of running a race in competitive puniness and petulance. It is possible that an open and generous policy by the U.S., one which demonstrates the working possibilities of what it is we seek, may in fact be our best chance.

—N. C.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 15, 14, 13, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. 1. "Where the Blue Begins" (Morley). 2. "Stuart Little" (E. B. White). 3. "Don Quixote" (Cervantes). 4. "Archie and Mehitabel" (Marquis). 5. "Treasure Island" (Stevenson). 6. "Doctor Dolittle" (Lofting). 7. "The Jungle Books" (Kipling). 8. "Tale of Mrs. Tiggiwinkle" (Potter). 9. "Uncle Wiggily" (Garis). 10. "The Story of Ferdinand" (Leaf). 11. "Thidwick the Moose" (Suess). 12. "A Visit from St. Nicholas" (Moore). 13. "The Mysterious Island" (Verne). 14. "Babar the Little Elephant" (De Brunhoff). 15. "Tarzan and the Golden Lion" (Burroughs).

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1328

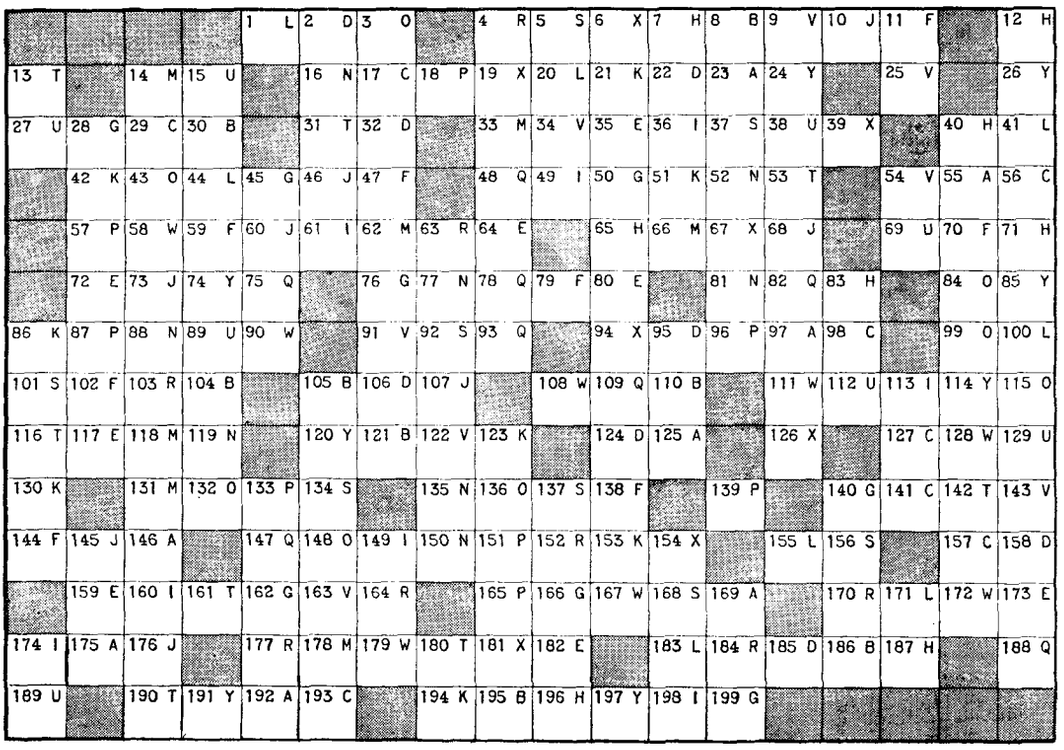
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Lousiana politician, first of several in the family to attain prominence, assassinated, 1935 (two wds.).	169 23 97 175 192 125 55 146
B. Improbable.	121 105 195 8 30 110 186 104
C. Admitted by the invincible (2 wds.).	29 141 56 17 127 193 157 98
D. Accomplishes; goes in a different direction (2 wds.).	2 95 185 158 124 106 32 22
E. Science of character.	35 64 80 159 173 117 72 182
F. Bringing a musical instrument again into harmony.	59 138 79 102 11 144 70 47
G. In the Heimskringla, the region from whence came Odin and other deities, bet. Caspian and Black Seas.	199 140 162 76 166 28 45 50
H. David Copperfield's young lawyer friend.	12 7 40 83 71 65 196 187
I. Similar to a built-on shelter.	36 174 49 160 113 61 198 149
J. Resembling the sound of words or syllables, short of actual rhyming.	60 68 176 73 46 10 145 107
K. Leaking at the rivet holes.	85 153 51 130 42 21 194 123
L. With dirt most ground in.	183 44 155 171 1 100 41 20
M. Prohibition imposed by law upon commerce.	66 131 14 33 178 62 118
N. Legible.	150 77 81 119 88 16 135 52
O. Profession of the swineherd.	84 115 99 132 43 136 3 148
P. Handsome woody vines with showy blue, purple, or white flowers.	165 151 57 87 18 133 96 139
Q. In printing, a thin iron slip at the top of the tympan.	109 78 188 75 48 147 82 93
R. In many corals, external calcareous layer investing the lower part of the theca.	170 177 184 103 63 164 152 4
S. Title used instead of the one belonging to a person, usually descriptive.	156 37 168 137 92 101 5 134
T. Said of the most unfortunate or ill-placed person (2 wds.).	116 31 142 53 180 13 190 161
U. Belonging to every individual of a group (2 wds.).	129 69 38 27 112 89 15 189
V. Straits connecting Lakes Huron and Michigan.	34 54 163 143 25 122 91 9
W. Significant appellations.	179 172 167 58 111 128 108 90
X. Making such allowance or correction as will reduce to a common standard.	6 94 19 39 181 126 154 67
Y. A current dictator in Latin America (1891——).	26 197 85 120 191 24 114 74

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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Literature

(*Continued from page* 13)

which were admirable and holy in their conception.

Beyond the problem of book reviews and that of censorship, there is also the climate of opinion and the whole range of policies and practices that condition the American Catholic writer at his work. Here we speak of the Catholic press, Catholic book clubs, Catholic literary circles and galleries which—though they may have their special functions—frequently turn themselves into "instruments of cohesion and defense for a sect" (as Maurice Cardinal Feltin has said of the French Catholic press), which amount, in the final accounting, to "unassimilated and unassimilable clans." It may be said of their work, which physically is so grand and remarkable, that "their flesh is willing but their spirit is weak." People in these groups frequently see no obstacles to American Catholic letters. Some regard their own work as apostolic and that of others as commercial as, for instance, one of the staff of *The Critic* appeared to do recently when he distinguished between Catholic book publishers and "secular" publishers.

> "Non-Catholic publishers are interested in the Catholic market. They are interested in publishing a successful book, Catholic or not . . . Your Catholic publisher is producing things he knows he will lose money on."
>
> (*Ave Maria* magazine, Feb. 22, 1958)

Such a distinction is part of the over-all mediocrity present in the American Catholic cultural world. If it were true, then the secular would always view the sacred as a threat to its existence; Catholic groups must

always consider non-Catholics as muscling in; and there would be as little of hope as there is much of short-sightedness. Fortunately, it is not a true distinction, but is only part of the over-all defensive pattern which I have described.

As we can easily realize, there are many more problems than the simply cultural one blocking American Catholic achievement in the world of letters. There are social and class problems; there are economic ones; there is the whole problem of distraction and discontent evident in the general body of citizens that make up a somewhat de-personalized world. Yet the cultural problem is the most general and prohibitive one. It makes human beings "Catholics before they are people," as Harry Sylvester said a decade ago. Such a view can never be part of the authentic Catholic attitude toward man. Catholic literature ought neither to obliterate man and his world nor to lose touch with God and the spiritual ideals it preaches. For in cutting itself off from these roots of its life, it would betray both the challenge and the promise that it was founded, originally, to impart.

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Chess Corner—22

DR. EDWARD LASKER is a veteran master of the American scene, player, writer, lecturer and businessman, now slightly more than three score and ten years of age. His chess career, mighty and distinguished, embraces hallowed generations seemingly long past. He has held five separate city championships at different times: Berlin, Vienna, London, New York, and Chicago. He is the author of best-seller "Modern Chess Strategy" which, in its various editions, has topped the 100,000 mark. Dr. Lasker's play still commands the healthy respect of the foremost echelon of grandmasters. Below, he is seen in a sprightly immortal masterpiece, played in a skittles game in the City of London Chess Club, nearly half a century ago.

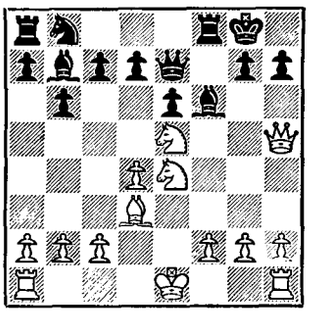
DUTCH DEFENSE

Dr. E. Lasker		Sir G. A. Thomas	
White		Black	
1 P-Q4	P-KB4	5 BxN	BxB
2 N-QB3	N-KB3	6 P-K4	PxP
3 N-B3	P-K3	7 NxP	P-QN3
4 B-N5	B-K2	8 N-K5	O-O
9 B-Q3		B-N2	

Apparently, play has proceeded along normal lines, White choosing direct control of the center as against Black's wing control. Yet, Black is already lost.

10 Q-R5! Q-K2

Black anticipates 11 NxBch, PxN, when his Queen defends his King Rook Pawn.



White announces mate in eight moves!

11 QxPch!	KxQ	15 P-N3ch	K-B6
12 NxBch	K-R3	16 B-K2ch	K-N7
13 N/5-N4ch	K-N4	17 R-R2ch	K-N8
14 P-R4ch	K-B5	18 K-Q2 mate	

One of the prettiest, forced King marches over the board. From an artistic point of view, the only question which remains is should White have castled with mate.

—AL HOROWITZ.

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RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import; Dolmetsch, Purcell. $5, $7.50 up. Student Special, Corelli $3.95. Recorder Music, Methods; Sperrhake Harpsichords. Free catalogue. 9-9-A, HARGAIL, 157 West 57 Street, NYC.

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TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 515 Madison Avenue, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464.

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SMITH MUSIC M.A., experienced music-journalist, editor, desires pertinent position. Box J-609.

RECORDERS—all finest makes. Largest music selections. Free catalogues. Recorder Center, Amenia, New York.

(Continued on page 44)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 43)

CHARMING Madison Square Park—Attractive one room studio suites, with full hotel service. MADISON SQUARE HOTEL, 35 Madison Ave., NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. LExington 2-6880.

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EXISTENTIALISM AND LITERATURE ISSUE: Walter Kaufmann, Colin Wilson, Hans Meyerhoff, Marjorie Grene and seven others. $1.00 from CHICAGO REVIEW, University of Chicago, Chicago 37, Illinois.

JOBS ABROAD FOR TEACHERS, writers, librarians, translators, stenographers, and administrators. Top salaries paid by American and foreign companies, governmental and international organizations. How, when, and where to apply. $1.00. Included free "Student Opportunities Abroad." Dorf, 186-PD, Covington Lane, Woodbury, N.J.

AM LOOKING FOR mature woman (40-50). Cultural, outdoor interests required to share attractive home and activities, give understanding, guidance to intelligent, good-humored woman, 40, recovering well from nervous breakdown. Chatham, Cape Cod. 5 day week. Separate apartment, fully equipped. Salary plus living. Send full resumé. Box J-628.

FOR SALE. Complete furnishings—decorator's studio. English antiques, reproductions. Fillmore 8-7788 NYC.

PITTSBURGH MALE, college graduate, driving to Pasadena in September. Desires passenger. Box J-622.

AMERICAN BOOK COLLECTOR. 10th year, $5.00 year (10 numbers). 2 sample copies $1.00. 1822-24 School, Chicago 13, Illinois.

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GENTLEMAN SEEKS CHALLENGING commitments. Agriculture, archaeology, architecture. Ireland—India. Box J-632.

AUTHORS-AGENTS. Quality fiction, articles, poetry wanted. NORTH NORTH-WEST, 2805 Parker, Berkeley, California.

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SCIENCE ANYONE? Read The AMATEUR SCIENTIST Magazine. Sample copies 25¢. Box 1, Boyds, Maryland.

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FOR SALE—VOLKSWAGEN '56. 2-door green sedan in perfect condition. Original owner. 30,000 miles. CIrcle 5-5159 NYC, 9-5 p.m. weekdays.

AMERICAN INDIAN RELICS (ancient). Free photo-illustrated catalogue! Al's Relics, Dept. S, Box 393, Bellmore, New York.

SKILLED, EXPERIENCED, LITERARY stenographer and typist available for dictation on hourly basis. Fast, accurate. IBM Executive typewriter. Box J-662.

PHI BETA KAPPA, Harvard M.A., will tutor Russian. ALgonquin 5-4952 NYC.

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WRITER'S CHARMING, distinctive home in beautiful community 75 miles from NYC. 3 double bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 fireplaces, woodland study, 2½ acres, all conveniences. Secluded, yet walking distance from stores, station. $27,000 net. Box 242, Brookfield, Connecticut. Phone SPring 5-9453, Danbury.

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Four season sports area. 130 year old beautifully restored home for income and retirement. Partially furnished, beautiful views, easy access to shops, schools, etc. Priced for quick sale. Box J-666.

MOVING? INVESTIGATE THIS new way of life for liberals! Raise your children in the free, healthy atmosphere of an intelligently integrated development. Modern 6-8 room homes, superior construction and planning, from $13,000-$29,000. Buy, rent. Philadelphia-Princeton-New York-Connecticut areas. Represented by Concord Associates. Modern Community Developers subsidiary. Contact Stuart Wallace, Dept. L, 84 Nassau, Princeton, New Jersey. WAlnut 4-0701. In Philadelphia area, MErcury 9-4576.

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CENTRAL PARK SOUTH. Beautiful 4 room furnished apartment, suitable 2 adults. Monthly, $375. 1 year lease. PLaza 5-5375 NYC.

APARTMENTS WANTED

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VACATIONS

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BIRCHWOOD INN—the inn with a personality. Enjoy glories of autumn with congenial people. Excellent continental cuisine. Charlotte Wagner, Lenox, Massachusetts.

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GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Conn. Open all year.

TUCSON, ARIZONA. Beautiful WILMOT INN. Open year round. Provides swimming pool, relaxation and sunshine in lovely gardens, friendliness, exceptional food, patio rooms. European or American plan. 330 South Wilmot Road.

MOUNTAIN RETREAT of unsurpassed beauty. Off the beaten path with golf course, stables and lakes on estate. American plan from $9.50 daily. Write for folder. High Hampton Inn and Country Club, Cashiers, North Carolina.

SEEKING ATMOSPHERE? Cherry Grove plantation. Write, read, loaf. Route 1, Box 421, Natchez, Mississippi.

CLOSING OCTOBER 12th. Low fall rates after September 12th. Try a weekend as a test for next year's vacation in case you didn't find the place you've been looking for. A rustic lodge and cabins resort on a sparkling Berkshire lake in deep woods. All sports, fine food, really good music, plenty to do right here or nearby—all at moderate rates. Write Brochure T, CHANTERWOOD, Box 191, Lee, Mass.

VACATIONS

PELICAN COVE—in unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, fishing, shelling, skindiving, birdwatching, sailing, tennis, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

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SLOUCH-ON-THE-COUCH-Comfort; weekends only; no mobs, snobs or mambos. Beautiful grounds; swimming—unforgettable food. TWIN PALETTE, Mahopac, New York. MAhopac 8-2047 (evenings).

EUROPE NEAR HOME: Continental size bedrooms—old world service—all usual resort life overlooking the ocean. Formal or informal dining. HOTEL DENNIS, ATlantic City 4-8111.

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WINDY HILL, R.D. 1, WALDEN, N. Y. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake, Newburgh 1232.

INDIAN SUMMER VACATIONS on farms and hotels. Welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

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STONYHILL FARM, South New Berlin, New York. Year-round vacation. Delicious food, glorious setting. Considerate rates.

AUTUMN FOLIAGE. Lovely hillside studio. $30 weekend, $70 week. Ragle, South Royalton, Vermont.

TRAVEL

ANTHROPOLOGIST who has worked in back areas of Mexico will take small groups for three week trips into isolated Indian villages and jungle ruins. Next departures October 3rd and November 14th. Write Miss Fitch, c/o American Tourist Bureau, 7 East 48th Street, New York 17, N.Y.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

EUROPE 1960: Register now for choice passage in inclusive circle tours visiting Oberammergau Passion Play, other special events. 40-58 days in Europe, 13-19 countries; $1,095-$1,378. Regular departures May, June, July, August; sea or air. DITTMANN TRAVEL ORGANIZATION, Northfield, Minnesota.

EUROPE BY FREIGHTER. Modern, fast German freighters with comfortable passenger accommodations available. GLAESSEL SHIPPING CORPORATION, 44 Whitehall Street, NYC.

THERE MAY BE NO PLACE LIKE HOME . . . but in New York there's the Beekman Tower Hotel . . . minutes from midtown in exclusive Beekman Hill . . . overlooking the most marvelous view in all Manhattan—the United Nations and East River; and featuring Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge, Elbow Room Bar, Grand Ballroom and other function rooms. Pleasant outlook on rates, too (special value in a few single rooms with semi-private bath, $6.50). Family rates available. 49th Street at East River (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York. Write for folder R.

EUROPE BOUND? Have fun on your trip, take an Italian ship! T.Y. Irpinia, T.Y. Ascania. Grimaldi Siosa Lines, 44 Whitehall Street, NYC, BOwling Green 9-0962.

AROUND THE WORLD. November 17—January 26 (with optional 2-week extension in Spain). Designed for those who wish to combine much sightseeing with authentic acquaintance with significant men and women in all countries visited. Itinerary includes: Honolulu, Tokyo, Kyoto, Hiroshima, Hongkong, Singapore, Bali, Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Colombo, Kandy, Madras, Mysore, Delhi, Jaipur, Agra, Benares, Bombay, Caves of Ajanta and Ellora, Cairo, Athens, Madrid, Cordova, Sevilla, Granada, Toledo, Segovia. Lectures on the arts, history, economics, etc. Informal conferences with national leaders. Directed by DR. HUBERT HERRING, author "Good Neighbors" and "A History of Latin America." Address him: 763 Indian Hill Boulevard, Claremont, California.

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SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—XLII • Science in Books • The Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLES: A Theory About Flying Saucers

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE CASE OF THE SUBSTITUTED DRUG

THIS is the fourth *SR*/Research report on drugs that affect the health of the American people, and of the sometimes strange ways in which those medications reach the drugstores. It is a report of a deliberate abuse of a people's confidence. It raises a question of whether the medical profession's ability to protect its members and their patients from exploitation is in jeopardy. It casts a penumbra of bewilderment around the purposes of drug advertising.

This fourth report attempts to throw light into areas not illuminated by the *SR* reports of January, February, and March 1959. But it is closely related to those earlier studies and is indeed a consequence of them. The Science Editor will therefore begin by tracing the line of inquiry from its roots in the past.

The first three *SR* reports brought into open public discussion for the first time a topic that had been privately engaging the best minds in American medicine for many months prior: the swiftly mounting danger of overuse of antibiotics. In those reports, the Science Editor strove to correct the frighteningly popular, mistaken belief that antibiotics, truly wondrous nemeses of the historic plagues of man, are equally magical against common virus infections like head and chest colds. He weighed experimental evidence for and against the effectiveness of combination drugs in legitimate antibiotic therapy, and, with a few exceptions, found the negative argument persuasive. He described the controversial role of two medical journals, *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy*, edited by Dr. Henry Welch, Director of the Antibiotics Division of the United States Food and Drug Administration. He questioned whether there was not a conflict of interest between Dr. Welch's being paid for editing these two journals and as editor advocating combination drugs, and Dr. Welch's official responsibility for regulating sales of antibiotics to physicians. He invited Congressional attention to purported financial ties between medical journals and advertising agencies which specialize in promoting drugs advertised in the journals. He extended the invitation to include examination of interlocking ownership among drug journals and drug ad agencies and experimental laboratories and drug houses.

The Science Editor has already explained his concentration on the advertising problem. It is a reflection of the drug consumer's helplessness to judge the worth of medicines obtained through prescriptions at drugstores. If a doctor is misled by a drug ad, the patient is the real victim.

THAT doctors are being duped by ads is one of the theses of the *SR* reports. As an example, *SR* published in January a description of a particular ad distributed by Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc. The drug advertised was an antibiotic combination tradenamed Sigmamycin. The ad carried reproductions of what seemed to be the professional cards of eight physicians. Each reproduction bore a name, an address, a telephone number, and a designation of medical specialty. When the Science Editor tried to reach the named doctors by letter, telegram, and telephone, he learned that none of the eight men exists.

After these facts appeared in *SR*, the Federal Trade Commission issued a formal complaint charging Pfizer with misleading advertising of Sigmamycin. Publicly, Pfizer president John McKeen protested his company's innocence, although the firm has been negotiating with the FTC on a consent decree.

At *SR* press time, the consent decree on the Sigmamycin ad, if agreed to, remains to be announced. Meanwhile, the Science Editor has come upon another serious drug advertising episode which has convinced him that drug ads of all kinds—not just antibiotics ads—should be scrutinized by Congress in the interest of the people's health.

THIS new incident has to do with J. B. Roerig & Co., a subsidiary and one of the two domestic ethical drug divisions of Pfizer. The advertisement in this case proclaims the merits of Enarax, a new treatment for spasm of the digestive tract. Intestinal spasm can lead to ulcers and cancer.

Enarax is a combination of two other drugs, one of which (oxyphencyclimine, marketed under the trade name Daricon) affects the intestine directly while the other (a tranquilizer named Atarax) acts simultaneously on the central nervous system. In theory, the combination of drugs in Enarax blocks the spasm physically and emotionally at the same time. Whether Enarax actually accomplishes this mission, or accomplishes it any more efficiently than either oxyphencyclimine or Atarax or both of them together is not at issue here. All that is under discussion in the paragraphs which follow is the burden imposed on doctors by the advertising of the drug.

Two ads for Enarax are reproduced in this issue of *SR*.

The Science Editor discovered the first ad last May. At that time

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it had been in circulation among doctors for two months. It was a flamboyant red-and-white striped cardboard folder cut in the shape of a sentry box one foot high (see illustration at the SR/Research Masthead on page 45). The shakoed guard standing rigidly on post, in a brass-buttoned, white-belted, medal-bedangled scarlet tunic at the arched entrance to the sentry box on the folder's cover, would have caught the fancy of any toy-loving child. Why it should appeal to a serious physician as an appropriate introduction for a new treatment applicable to such critical ailments as duodenal ulcer is incomprehensible to the Science Editor.

The contents of the pages of the ad that were folded behind the guardhouse door (this page, right) left the unmistakable impression that Enarax had been in clinical use with human patients for more than a year, that at least 512 persons had been treated with it, and that in 448 of those cases the treatment had been successful.

Now Enarax had not been in use for a year when this ad was mailed out. It had not been in use for even half a year. And the experimental studies cited in fine print on the back of the folder, above the slogan *Science for the World's Well Being*, did not bear out the claims made inside the folder for 512 cases of Enarax therapy. The Science Editor took his wonderment about this to the Federal Trade Commission in May and suggested an investigation.

By then doctors had received five different variations of the ad, during the months of March and April.

During the month of May, the month in which the Science Editor called upon the FTC, the second ad for Enarax (opposite page) reached offices of physicians. It shows that there actually were, *at the time of writing of the second ad,* only 150 successful trials of Enarax in a total of 156 cases. Successful treatment of 501 other patients is mentioned but that treatment had been given with another drug, one of the Enarax components, Daricon (oxyphencyclimine).

This new ad did not say a mistake had been made in the first ad. Nor did it offer any explanation of why results of treatment with one drug were being given as a testimonial for another drug.

The FTC opened an investigation of the first ad on June 3rd. The Science Editor does not have access to whatever the FTC agents have turned up in their search. But he has put together his own behind-the-scenes account of how one modern drug got onto the public market:

December 9, 1957—Creation of a new drug, Enarax, through union of oxyphencyclimine and Atarax, two drugs then existing separately, was proposed to Roerig by its medical director, Dr. Martin A. Seidell, an alumnus of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota.

November 1, 1958—Tests of Enarax on human patients began.

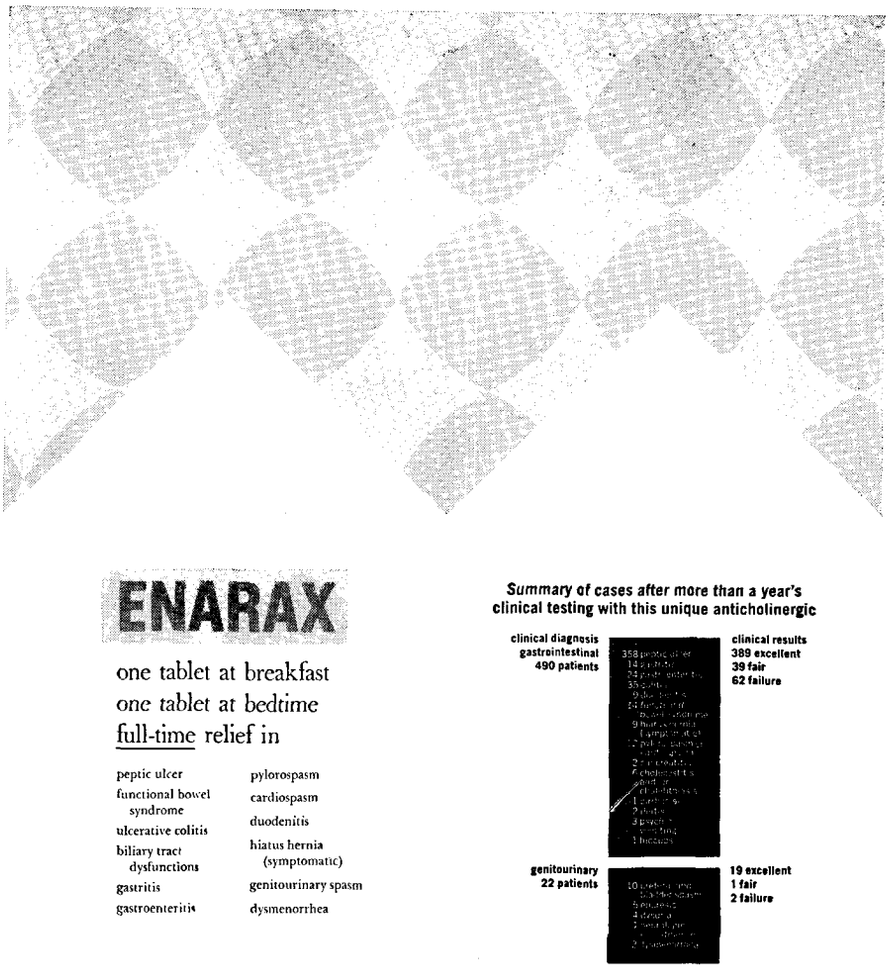
December 9, 1958—Offering in evidence one month's experience with forty-two patients, Roerig asked the U. S. Food and Drug Administration to approve Enarax as a safe and effective treatment for digestive tract spasm. F & DA complied.

To laymen (and to especially cautious medical researchers) the number of cases required for this drug license will seem shockingly small. But this kind of limited testing is fairly common practice for F & DA in instances where a new drug combines drugs already on the market individually.

December 14, 1958—In preparation for a type of concentrated selling which the Roerig management calls a "blitz," a form was drawn up on which physicians who treated patients with Enarax could merely fill in blank spaces to indicate the patients' reaction to the drug. The Enarax "blitz" was scheduled to explode in Dallas, Texas, in March 1959.

December 1958 or January 1959—The Roerig medical department was exhorted to provide 200 to 250 successful cases of human use of Enarax before the Dallas meeting in order to impress Texas doctors with the popularity of the new drug.

January 1959—Roerig's medical department was asked to approve an ad for Enarax written for distribution in support of the March "blitz" in Dallas. This was the first Enarax ad, the one claiming 512 cases in more than a year of experience. Knowing



When drug Enarax was four months old, ad above claimed year's experience . . .

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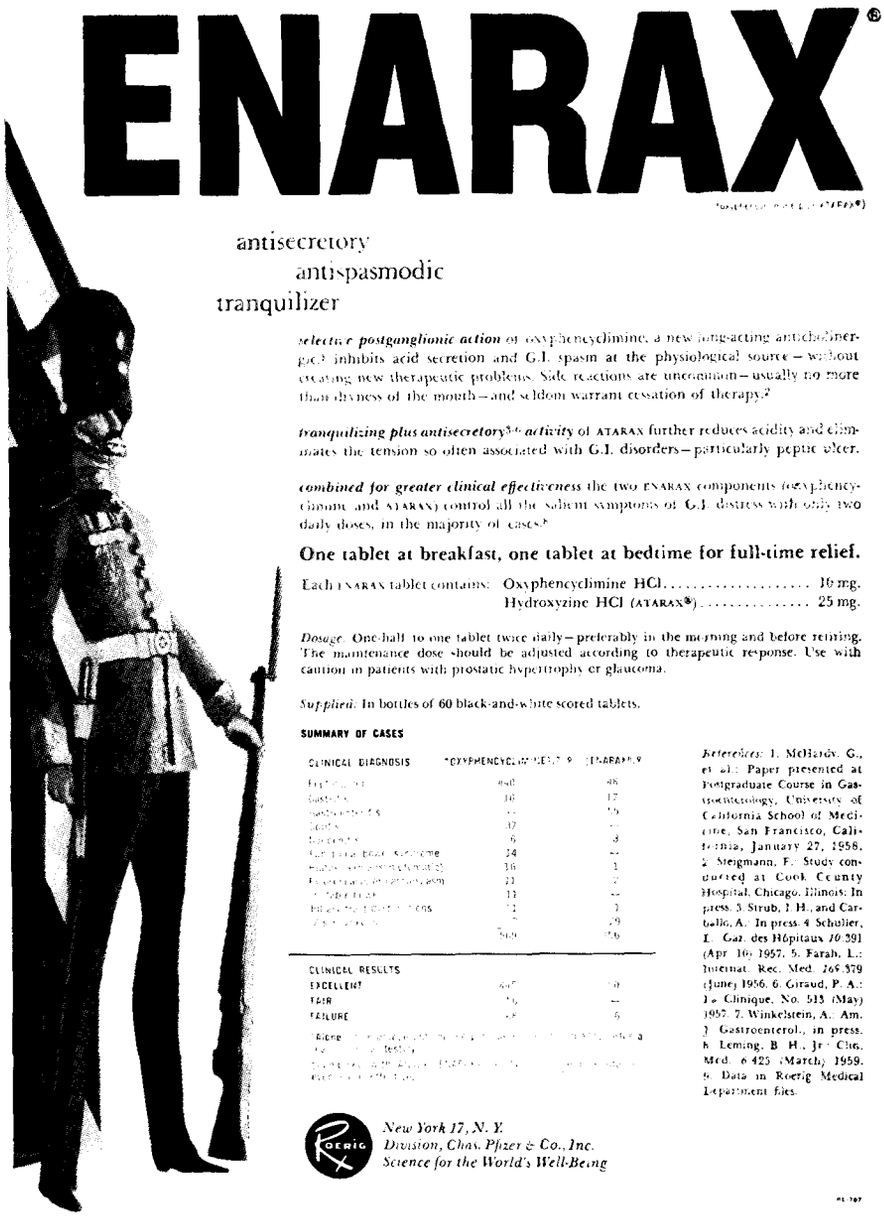
ENARAX®
antisecretory
antispasmodic
tranquilizer
selective postganglionic action of oxyphencyclimine, a new long-acting anticholinergic, inhibits acid secretion and G.I. spasm at the physiological source—without creating new therapeutic problems. Side reactions are uncommon—usually no more than dryness of the mouth—and seldom warrant cessation of therapy.
tranquilizing plus antisecretory activity of ATARAX further reduces acidity and eliminates the tension so often associated with G.I. disorders—particularly peptic ulcer.
combined for greater clinical effectiveness the two ENARAX components (oxyphencyclimine and ATARAX) control all the salient symptoms of G.I. distress with only two daily doses, in the majority of cases.
One tablet at breakfast, one tablet at bedtime for full-time relief.
Each ENARAX tablet contains: Oxyphencyclimine HCl..... 10 mg.
Hydroxyzine HCl (ATARAX®)..... 25 mg.
Dosage. One-half to one tablet twice daily—preferably in the morning and before retiring. The maintenance dose should be adjusted according to therapeutic response. Use with caution in patients with prostatic hypertrophy or glaucoma.
Supplied. In bottles of 60 black-and-white scored tablets.
SUMMARY OF CASES
CLINICAL DIAGNOSIS
CLINICAL RESULTS
EXCELLENT
FAIR
FAILURE
References: 1. McHardy, G., et al.: Paper presented at Postgraduate Course in Gastroenterology, University of California School of Medicine, San Francisco, California, January 27, 1958. 2. Steigmann, F.: Study conducted at Cook County Hospital, Chicago, Illinois; In press. 3. Strub, J. H., and Carballo, A.: In press. 4. Schulier, L.: Gaz. des Hôpitaux 10:591 (Apr. 10) 1957. 5. Farah, L.: Internat. Rec. Med. 169:579 (June) 1956. 6. Giraud, P. A.: La Clinique, No. 513 (May) 1957. 7. Winkelstein, A.: Am. J. Gastroenterol., in press. 8. Leming, B. H., Jr.: Clin. Med. 6:425 (March) 1959. 9. Data in Roerig Medical Department files.
ROERIG
New York 17, N. Y.
Division, Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc.
Science for the World's Well-Being

. . . experience which later ad (above) shows was accumulated by another drug.

the real number of Enarax cases was nowhere near 512, the department head, Dr. Seidell, objected. The knowing substitution of Daricon (oxyphencyclimine) cases for Enarax cases could have only one interpretation: the Roerig management had authorized a misleading ad.

January 21, 1959—The Roerig medical department advised Roerig management in a memo: "Obviously, we cannot use Daricon [oxyphencyclimine] data and assume that it would be the same as Enarax data." The memo said further that even the 200-250 Enarax cases requested for Dallas would be difficult to produce because supplies of the new drug had been lacking since October.

February 1959—The Roerig medical department's protests against the false data in the Enarax ad were carried into the regular joint meeting of Pfizer's medical directors and the absence of Pfizer policy regarding advertising clearance was made a part of the minutes.

February 19, 1959—Mr. McKeen, president of Roerig's parent, Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc., was advised of detailed planning for the Dallas "blitz." One of the gimmicks he was told would be employed by Roerig salesmen was a cardboard representation of the human stomach. Seventy-five thousand copies of these cutouts had been acquired at a cost of fifty-eight cents each—a total promotional expense of $42,000, which of course would be part of the ultimate price of the drug—in order that physicians might show their patients how Enarax works. This device was reminiscent of oldtime medicine show techniques, practiced at the tail-board of a horse-drawn wagon. But Roerig management estimated that with its help $1,300,000 worth of Enarax would be sold in the first year after the "blitz"—$1,000,000 worth in nine months of 1959.

March 9-12, 1959—The "blitz" took place on schedule in Dallas. Although Principle No. 6 of the ethical code of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association says that "all medical claims and assertions contained in promotional communications should have medical review prior to their release," the ad reviewed by and objected to by Roerig's medical department (the one claiming 512 cases in more than a year's time) was unchanged. It was mailed to physicians in Dallas as part of the "blitzing." After making their sales pitch on the record of the substituted drug, Roerig salesmen offered a free sample package of Enarax to every physician they met, asking in return the doctor's agreement to fill in the blank spaces on a Roerig report form for each of three cases in which Enarax was prescribed. The salesmen were authorized to tell the doctors that the Dallas Medical Society would receive a dollar for every three report forms that Roerig would collect.

March 1959—A peculiar dichotomy was discernible in the ads for Enarax which eight medical journals published this month. In four of the eight (*Archives of Internal Medicine, American Journal of Gastroenterology. Annals of Internal Medicine, Postgraduate Medicine*), this phrasing occurred: "Enarax combines a new long-acting anticholinergic (antisecretory-antispasmodic) with the proven antisecretory-tranquilizer (Atarax) to relieve pain, spasm, hyperacidity, and disease-induced tension. Just two tablets daily proved clinically effective in 428 out of 490 patients with a wide variety of gastrointestinal disorders." In four other journals (*Gastroenterology, Modern Medicine, American Journal of Medicine, Journal of the American Medical Association*) one sentence was changed slightly to make the statement read: "Enarax combines a new long-acting anticholinergic (antisecretary - antispasmodic) with the proven antisecretory-tranquilizer (Atarax) to relieve pain, spasm, hyperacidity, and disease-induced tension. With this unique anticholinergic, just two tablets daily proved clinically effective in 428 out of 490 patients with a wide variety of gastrointestinal disorders."

Only a skilled eye would catch and comprehend the difference between the two sets of words. "*With this unique anticholinergic*" is the key phrase. What is this "unique anticholinergic?" It is not Enarax, because the ad's readers are told Enarax combines it with Atarax. Through a process of elimination, the reader can discover that the drug with the real

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experience record is Daricon (oxyphencyclimine). But any literate ad writer who wanted the identification to be clear would have written: "Just two tablets of this unique anticholinergic proved clinically effective, etc." It can only be inferred that clarity was not intended.

Had the obliquely qualifying phrase, "with this unique anticholinergic," been inserted at the last moment by the Roerig sales and advertising people because of the persistent complaining of the Roerig medical department and in the belief that those four words would constitute technical evidence of intent to identify oxyphencyclimine to technicality-conscious medical journal editors? Whatever the answer to that question may be, the Roerig management was not sufficiently disturbed to eliminate the misleading quality of the ad as a whole. The vast majority of readers of the ad would not be editors on the lookout for obscurities but ordinary physicians rapidly scanning for information helpful to patients who trust their judgment. And the ad still featured the name Enarax in considerably larger type than the names of either of the component drugs. Furthermore, even the equivocal words were missing from the ad as it appeared in four of the journals. Granted a pair of very sharp eyes and a suspicious mind, an individual doctor still would be at the mercy of whatever chance prompted him to read one journal rather than another journal.

March 19, 1959. Roerig officials received the first pre-prints of the first report to be published in the professional literature on a controlled clinical experiment with Enarax in human patients. The journal was *Clinical Medicine.* Signed by Dr. Bert Leming, Jr., of Memphis, Tennessee, the study covered 103 cases.

March 1959—In contrast to the apparent contempt for physicians' intelligence and integrity displayed by the ads distributed in the Dallas "blitz" and published in the eight medical journals, Roerig introduced Enarax to druggists with quiet dignity. Ads placed in the *American Professional Pharmacologist, Chain Store Age, Drug Topics, NARD Journal, Wholesale Drug Salesmen, Journal of the American Pharmacology Association,* and nine regional drug publications advanced no claims whatever for the drug's popularity, offered no specific number of test cases to impress the reader. There was only the honest observation that the oxphencyclimine component of Enarax—not Enarax itself—had proven clinically effective "in about eighty per cent of patients tested." From the viewpoint of the patient's welfare, the care taken with the ad for the druggists was wasted. Druggists cannot legally sell Enarax except on a doctor's prescription, and the doctors already had read the misleading ad.

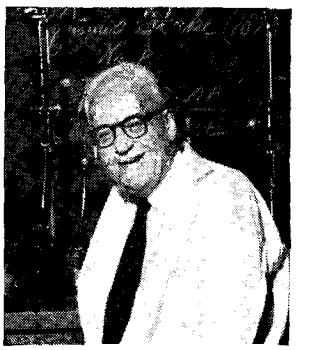
May 1959—A revised version of the Enarax ad was published, separating the oxyphencyclimine (Daricon) results from the Enarax results. This ad (page 47) reduced the claims for Enarax to only 150 successful trials.

June 3, 1959—The FTC opened investigation of the ad that claimed successful use of Enarax in 448 of 512 patients. Advertisements of both of the two domestic ethical drug divisions of Pfizer were now under fire (Chas. Pfizer in the Sigmamycin case and J. B. Roerig in the Enarax case), and the nature of overall Pfizer advertising policy was in question.

June 19, 1959—A Roerig management memo to the Roerig medical department said that "in view of the difficulties in which we find ourselves in regard to Enarax" the medical department would be held responsible for preventing introduction of misleading data into ads. This cynical document, issued two weeks after FTC's second inquiry into Pfizer advertising in less than six months, con-

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XLII

CHAUNCEY LEAKE



Ohio State.

Dr. Chauncey Leake

MOST men have no way of knowing what their stature will be in the eyes of posterity. Fame rarely taps an individual on the shoulder and says, "straighten up so the measurement will be accurate"—not while the person is still alive to the touch. But history seems to make a habit of standing Dr. Chauncey Leake in places where his brawny shoulders and snow white hair can hardly be missed above a crowd. Right now, for instance, when medicine, the popular show-window of science, is so cluttered with new and expensive drugs that physicians often can't tell what is worth the price on the tag, Dr. Leake is in the middle of the window with a big broom in his hand.

This may be an unconventional way of saying that Chauncey Leake is simultaneously president of the American Society for Pharmacology and Experimental Therapeutics, chairman of the American Federated Societies for Experimental Biology, and president-elect of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Yet, the truth remains that he personifies a rare conjunction of influence and authority at a critical moment.

To tidy the unkempt house of healing is a strenuous task, even for one whose energy and enthusiasm belie his sixty-two years. This is evident from the pharmacologists' failure to push through their 1959 meeting a proposal to deepen what doctors-to-be are taught about drugs in medical school. Nor is the job without unpleasant implications for a modern university dean (Dr. Leake has been Assistant Dean of Ohio State Medical School since 1955). Many college faculty members have come to lean on research grants from drug houses. But if Dr. Leake should choose to use a pair of clear eyes, sweep the nooks and crannies, let the dust fly where it will he is very likely to be remembered by all who buy drugs, especially the growing population of aging people whose fixed incomes cannot accommodate the spiraling costs of new medicines.

Lack of a medical degree (he dreamed of one in his boyhood in Elizabeth, N. J., but he lost his way in pursuing chemical warfare in 1917) may stop him short of his own ideals as a crusader. He has, however, already enjoyed an effect without one. When pharmacology itself was just beginning to emerge in university courses, his work at Wisconsin and California started anesthesiology on its way to present day recognition as a physiological science. Later, in Texas, he pushed preventive medicine to the fore of drug study so vigorously that Ohio invited him to help develop its new center for preserving health rather than waiting to treat disease. There the approach has been historical. A milestone in our own era of medical history is the "pep" pill. Chauncey Leake's advice about "pep" pills is contained in a recent book, "The Amphetamines." Summed up, it goes like this: "pep pills can be valuable in emergency. But as a general rule, let 'em alone." Homely words, but the sort of advice posterity can measure a man by.—ROBERT A. SILMAN.

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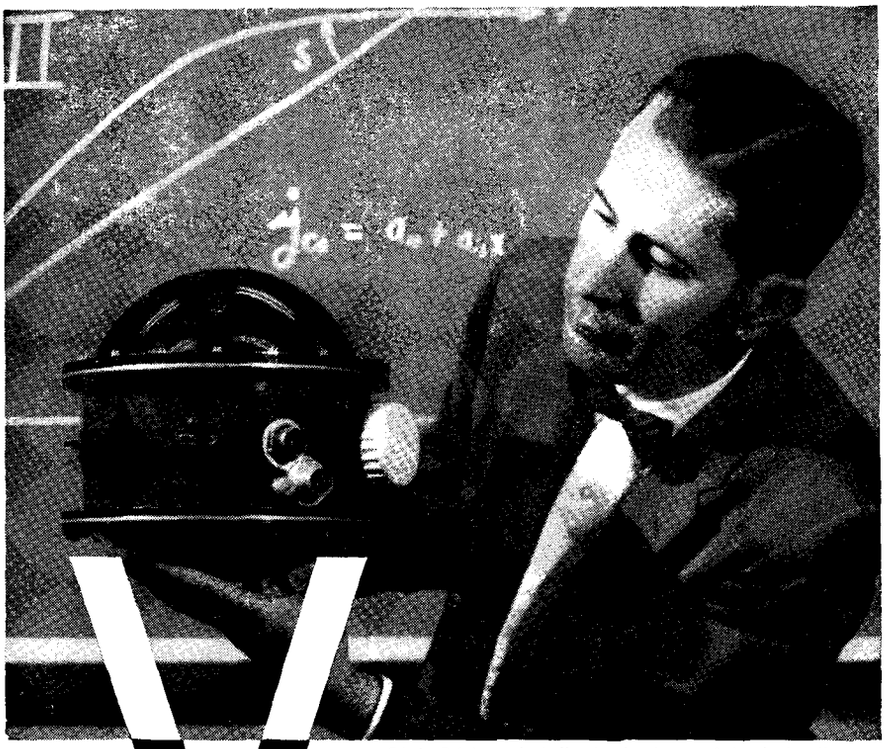
tained no acknowledgment of the attempts of the medical department to prevent the very difficulties mentioned in the memo.

June 1959—Roerig medical research men were urged to produce "500 or more" successful cases of Enarax treatment "in preparation for the big sales push on Enarax in the fall." If successful, this new "blitz" would finally provide the number of cases claimed in the original ad.

July 31, 1959—Dr. Seidell resigned as medical director of Roerig. Learning of his action via the drug industry grapevine, the Science Editor asked and was granted an interview. Dr. Seidell confirmed his resignation but at first demurred against discussing it for publication. He said he had explained his decision in a letter to the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, which has a code of ethics for dealing with such matters if circumstances seem to warrant. When he was reminded that his action could be interpreted in any one of several ways vis-a-vis the false Enarax ad, he conceded that the Enarax ad and earlier episodes of a similar nature had caused him to fear for his reputation. He had been thinking of leaving the firm, and felt he had to resign after a fellow physician, Dr. Michael Carlozzi, chief of clinical medicine for the whole Pfizer operation, resigned. Told he was being recommended for the Carlozzi post, Dr. Seidell said he terminated his employment rather than leave himself open to further risk of his medical standing in a position of even greater sensitivity than his old one in relation to drug ads. Demonstrating his faith in the integrity of the drug industry as a whole, Dr. Seidell immediately took a new job with another drug house.

THE Science Editor believes the foregoing series of events to be in obvious conflict with Pfizer president McKeen's pronouncements that "in no instance have we ever made a claim for any of our products that has not been substantiated by scientific reference." The Science Editor also believes Pfizer has violated Principle No. 2 of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association code of ethics for the second time (the first was the Sigmamycin ad). Principle No. 2 says that "any statement involved in product promotional communications must be supported by adequate and acceptable scientific evidence. Claims must not be stronger than such evidence warrants. Every effort must be made to avoid ambiguities and implied endorsements." The Science Editor further believes that a violation of PMA Principle No. 6 is evident—if



Edwin Felch, project director in charge of developing the Titan guidance system, holds the "voice" of the ICBM.

VOICE OF A GUIDED MISSILE

This is a missile-borne transmitter. It is the "voice" of a missile in flight . . . part of a new radio-inertial guidance system that was developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories for the Ballistic Missile Division of the Air Force.

This versatile system helped deliver the nose cone of a Thor-Able test missile precisely to its South Atlantic target area—5000 miles from Cape Canaveral, Florida. So accurately was the nose cone placed that a waiting group of ships and planes retrieved it in a matter of hours. It was the first nose cone ever to be recovered after so long a flight.

The command guidance system which made such accuracy possible combines precision tracking radar with a special Remington Rand Univac computer. Fed a steady stream of signals from the missile-borne transmitter, the ground-based equipment compares the missile's flight path with the preselected path. Corrective steering orders are computed and transmitted automatically to the missile. The ground station monitors the progress of the flight continuously and obtains immediate evaluation of mission success. And since the principal control equipment is kept on the ground, expendable hardware in the missile itself is minimized.

This guidance system is a product of the Bell Labs-Western Electric development-production team. Western Electric is producing it for the first operational squadrons of the Titan intercontinental ballistic missile.

Bell Labs scientists and engineers developed the world's most versatile telephone network and much of our nation's radar. They have constantly pioneered in missile systems. From their storehouse of knowledge and experience comes this new achievement in missile guidance.

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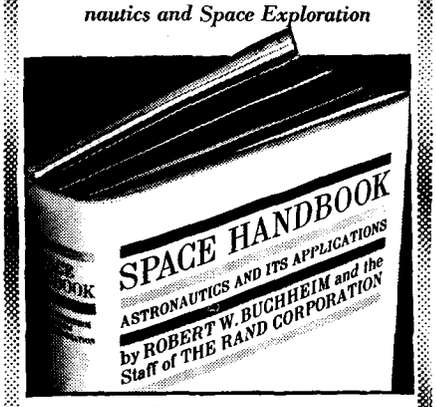
—*The House Committee on Astronautics and Space Exploration*



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Principle No. 6 is intended to be more than an empty statement. Principle No. 6, as noted earlier in this report, states that "all medical claims and assertions contained in promotional communications should have medical review prior to their release." "Review" implies "approval" unless otherwise stated. But apparently PMA needs to say "approval" if that's what it means to say.

Whether the final principle in the PMA code—Principle No. 7, which observes that "any violation of these principles brought to the attention of the president of the PMA should be referred by him to the board of directors"—is of any real consequence should soon be apparent, for the Science Editor is sending the president of PMA a copy of this report. Subsequent transmittal of the report to the PMA board could thereafter be automatic if the PMA president thinks it should be, but Principle No. 7 does not say it must be. Beyond that distinction lies another, larger question: What obligation has the PMA board to punish violations referred to it and what authority has it to enforce its will?

THERE are people in the drug industry who believe that Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc. is too big and too powerful to be subject to discipline from the PMA. They say that Pfizer is more likely to influence the drug industry than vice versa. The company is certainly a giant. Founded in 1849 and operated as a partnership until 1900, it has since been a publicly owned corporation concerned with the manufacture and sale of chemicals. It entered the ethical drug market in 1950 after its fermentation processes helped mass produce penicillin for the first time during World War II. In terms of current sales, its principal products are, in order of importance: antibiotics, farm and animal drugs, vitamins, citric acid and its derivatives. With a net worth of $138,434,000, it earned *after taxes* in the year 1956 a net total of $18,253,979, in the year 1957 a net total of $22,908,544, and in the year 1958 a net total of $23,965,144. At currently prevailing exchange quotations, the market value of its stock is comfortably over half a billion dollars.

These are very large figures. It is fair to infer from them a strong profit motive for any Pfizer activity. The profit motive is recognized by our society as a good motive on the assumption that profits will be translated into a higher living standard. By the American definition, a higher living standard means pre-eminently good health. Drugs play a powerful role in the maintenance of good health. But a drug is not necessarily superior because it is new or because it is different.

The real test is safety *plus* efficacy. These two values can be determined only through mature experience. When the profit motive comes under suspicion of being a lever to hurry new drugs into use before they are fully tested, and when the hurry is accomplished through misleading phrases by salesmen (whether orally or in print) to overworked and trusting physicians, the welfare of patients is in danger and it becomes appropriate for the political representatives of the people to inquire where legitimate profit ends and exploitation begins. The Science Editor therefore suggests that a Congressional investigation of drug marketing is in order.

THE inquiry should not, of course, be limited to the Pfizer firm. But it should examine the impact of invasion of the drug market by rich and powerful corporations suddenly possessed of the results of new scientific research discoveries but inexperienced in the delicate ethics of physician-patient relationships. And it should attempt to find means to protect against the public hurt inherent in such intrusions. In keeping with the American system of free and privately owned enterprise, it should test the desire of the ethical drug manufacturers to police their own affairs with effective regard for public decency. It should ask whether today's medical schools teach enough pharmacology to prepare physicians to judge drug ads on merit. It should inquire into the willingness of physicians to protect their patients doubly by subscribing to competent, effective, privately prepared reports (such as the recently inaugurated *Medical Letter*, which gets all of its sustenance from and pays all of its loyalty to its doctor-readers) on the real value of new drugs as opposed to the drug-makers' hoopla. It should then consider with sober skepticism the adequacy of official licensing requirements for new drugs, especially the requirements for new combination drugs. It should deliberate on the wisdom of spending for pre-license tests some of the moneys that the National Institutes of Health have been getting from Congress in excess of current ability to invest in sound research for ever newer medical "wonders." And it should terminate by fitting the remaining legal loopholes with fearfully sharp teeth.

The sound bodies and minds of a democratic people are too precious to be bartered over the prescription counter at the corner drugstore.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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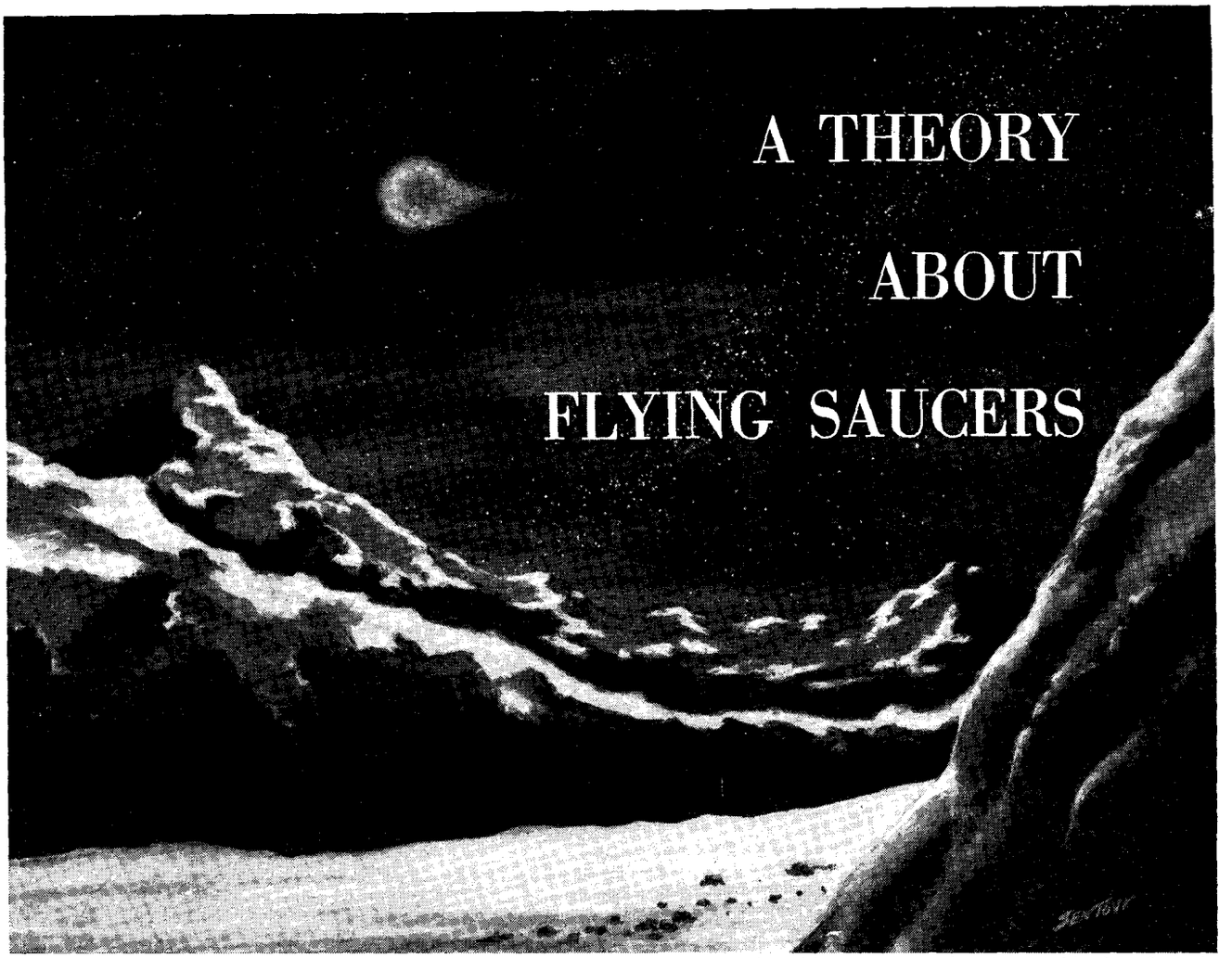

A THEORY ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS

—*Apparition over the southwest, painted by John Sentovic.*

By DONALD H. ROBEY

IT IS widely known that in the year 1947 many people in many places began to report "flying saucers" and other strange objects in the sky.

It is not so well-known—only astronomers are, in fact, aware—that in the year 1947 Earth's neighborhood of interplanetary space was visited by more comets than ever before.

I intend here to suggest a relationship between these two phenomena.

I shall begin with the comets.

Comets are one of the great historical mysteries of the cosmos. In ancient times they were greeted as heralds of disaster: fire, flood, pestilence, war. The first question early astronomers asked about comets was whether these visitors came from within the solar system or originated among the stars beyond. Isaac Newton answered that one in his "Principia" by describing a method of delineating cometary orbits. Comets, he found, obey the same laws of motion that Johannes Kepler discovered were applicable to the travels of Earth and other planets of the Sun.

Edmund Halley followed up Newton's mathematical feat by tracking backward through time a brilliant comet he personally observed in 1682. Convinced by his calculations that this was the same comet that had appeared in 1305 and 1456 and 1531 and 1607, Halley accurately predicted its reappearance in 1758. Since Halley's day, the identical comet has been confirmed as a regular visitor to Earth's vicinity since 240 B.C. Thus we know that some comets live for thousands of years.

Once comets were definitely established as members of the solar system, the next logical question was: What are they made of? Astronomers tried to figure this out by watching comets break up. One of the instructive examples was Biela's comet.

Biela was an Austrian Army officer. He discovered a faint comet on February 27, 1826. After its orbit had been studied for several weeks, this comet was identified as the same comet that had appeared in 1772 and 1805. It came back in November 1832 within twelve hours of the time predicted for it. Two circuits later, there were two comets, side by side. In September 1852, one chief comet and one small comet appeared. The two apparitions never returned as comets again. However, on November 27, 1872, when the Earth moved through the orbit of Biela's comet, a shower of fine meteors lit the sky.

When fallen meteors or meteorites are found on Earth's surface and analyzed, they are invariably stone or metal or mixtures of the two. It was therefore believed quite generally, until the last decade, that comets were flying gravel banks. However, if comets were flying gravel banks, many of them which have passed close to the Sun or to Jupiter in the past (and have remained intact) would have fallen apart or been disrupted by the pull of gravitational tides. Also gases released during passages close to the Sun would have tended to disperse the gravel.

Actually, all the strange characteristics of comets can be explained if the nuclei of comets are assumed to be gases frozen into icebergs adrift in space. This notion was first analyzed by Dr. Fred Whipple of the Harvard

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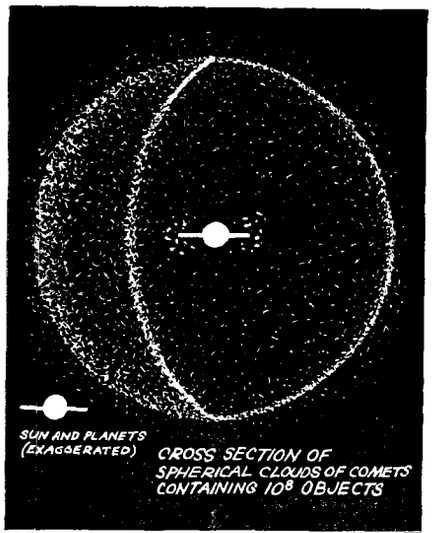
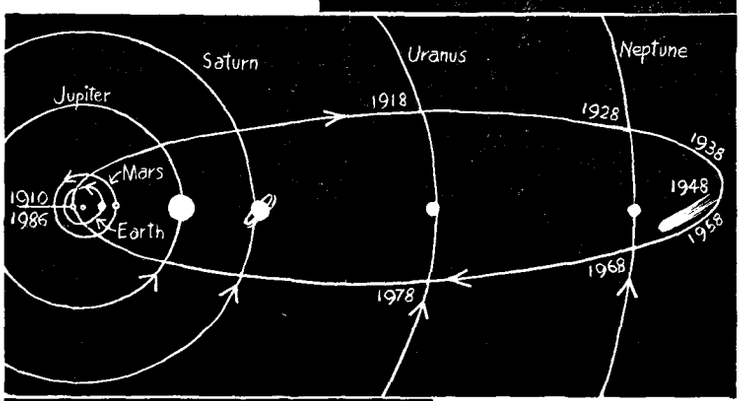
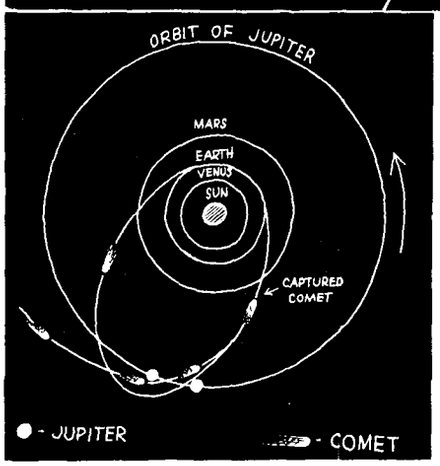


THE SUN is thought to be surrounded on all sides, at an enormous distance, by icebergs, drifting in a sea shaped like the shell of a sphere (right). The sea is 100,000 times as deep as the distance between the Earth and the Sun. It lies roughly halfway in space between the Sun and Alpha Centauri, the nearest neighbor star.





ALPHA CENTAURI and other passing stars cause tides in the sea, and the tides wash some of the icebergs toward the Sun. These bergs become comets (Halley's comet, above, is an example) which can travel in long orbits for thousands of years. Those passing too close to Jupiter are caught, however, and thrown toward the Earth (left). For the rest of the story see biography of UFO on page 54.

Observatory. The Whipple theory now commands widespread acceptance among astronomers. It is in harmony with the idea of a cloud of comets surrounding the solar system. Professor J. H. Oort, director of the Leyden Observatory in Holland, has adopted it as a foundation for further premises. This noted Dutchman, through calculations too complex to be detailed here, visions a hundred billion of these frozen monsters drifting around the Sun in a sea shaped like a spherical shell 100,000 times as deep as the distance between the Earth and the Sun. The closer edge of this sea is 50,000 times farther from the Sun than is the Earth, and the last of the icebergs is three times farther out than that. The ice sea as a whole lies roughly halfway between the Sun and the Sun's nearest neighbor-star. This neighbor-star and other passing stars occasionally draw some of the comets out of the sea in much the same fashion that water currents southbound from the Arctic sweep terrestrial icebergs into the North Atlantic Ocean. This disturbance of their accustomed motion throws some of the affected icebergs out among the stars while others race with ever-accelerating speed toward the Sun. On their way in, a certain number sweep close enough to Jupiter, giant of the solar planets to be caught by its gravitational attraction. Thereafter the icebergs travel a shorter orbit, with increased likelihood of breaking into fragments which brush past or into Earth's atmosphere.

A few comets accessible to observations have been seen to disintegrate or break up when near the Sun or after having passed close to Jupiter. A number of such disruptions, possibly a dozen per century, may occur near Jupiter.

I SHALL introduce the word "cometoid" at this point to give a name to what I believe is the next phase in a comet's decline. I define cometoid as a chunk of ice too small to be observed as a comet but too large to be entirely melted before it glides into the last few miles of air above Earth.

There are no eye-witness accounts of a confirmed cometoid. But there is a thrilling report of an event whose description fits what might be expected to happen if a really large fragment of a spaceberg hit the Earth. Here is the story as it was told by a Mongoloid native of the evergreen swamps in the Podkamennaya Tunguska River Basin in Central Siberia:

"About eight o'clock in the morning, I had been sitting on the porch with my face to the north, and at this moment in the northwest direction appeared a kind of fire which produced such a heat that I could not stand it. This overheated miracle I guess had a size of at least a mile. But the fire did not last long. I had only time to lift up my eyes and it disappeared. Then it became dark, and then followed an explosion which threw me down on the porch about six feet or more. I heard a sound as if all the houses would tremble and move away."

This fire that rolled out of the southwestern sky fell eighteen miles from the spot where the quoted observer sat. It came in the morning of June 30, 1908, wrought devastation far exceeding that of any other known heavenly visitor in recorded history, and has often been called the most remarkable astronomical event of the twentieth century.

Earthquakes were registered at Irkutsk, Chita, and Kabansk in the USSR and in microbarograms in England. Sound similar to thunder was heard up to distances of 600 miles for several minutes. This was followed by noises similar to the firing of large cannon which shook buildings for two minutes. An immense dust cloud associated with the event passed over England on June 30 and July 1, 1908, reflecting enough light to enable harvesting throughout the night.

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No iron or stony meteorite fragments of any size have ever been found at the site of the explosion. Yet when Professor Leonid A. Kulik, of the USSR Academy of Sciences, finally penetrated to the place to undertake a scientific examination nineteen years later, the area was still bare of trees, except for a few sheltered islands over a radius of nineteen to twenty-two miles. In the midst of this barren circle was a shallow depression two miles wide, pocked with about 200 steep-sided, shallow craters, each from one to fifty yards across, most filled with mud, some with raised centers like the craters of the Moon. After almost two decades of natural recuperation, mosses, bushes, and trees, as far as six to ten miles out from the center bore signs of scorching by intensely hot gases.

A flying iceberg of the size indicated by the Siberian craters (a mass in the neighborhood of 100 to 10,000 tons) would have been vaporized upon impact, suddenly freeing the gases frozen inside it and heating them enormously to generate a violent but shortlived hurricane of carbon dioxide, water, methane, and ammonia in addition to deadly poisons such as hydrogen cyanide and cyanogen.

BUT is it possible for ice to survive the friction of passage into Earth's lower atmosphere? This question has been answered conclusively in the computing laboratory of the Convair-Astronautics Division of General Dynamics, at least so far as frozen water is concerned. The writer has run the appropriate equations through an IBM 704.

According to Newton's law of gravity, extra-terrestrial objects enter the atmosphere with speeds of at least 6.9 miles per second. The calculations here at Astronautics show that a solid sphere of frozen water, entering the atmosphere at that speed, can survive and slow down to terminal velocities without completely ablating. If the sphere has a radius of one foot, and enters the atmosphere at an angle of six degrees above the horizon, it loses only half of its radius; by the time it descends to an altitude of 100,000 feet, the speed is only 1700 miles per hour and the frictional heating is negligible. A sphere with a radius of five feet, under the same conditions, loses about 7.8 inches; the ablation stops at an altitude of roughly 50,000 feet, where the globe is still traveling 2000 miles per hour.

Suppose a small faint comet with a nucleus a little over a mile wide were to disintegrate into small spheres, each having a radius of one meter (3.28 feet). There would be a billion spheres. A more realistic distribution might be obtained by assuming that the breakup would follow the distribution of meteoroids. Then the cometoids would range from one yard to more than half a mile across. The lifetimes of these ice chunks in short period orbits would vary considerably. The billion smaller spheres would survive between six months and about five years. A hundred million cometoids with an initial diameter of 6.6 feet each would melt away to empty dust balls in one to ten years. The largest chunk of ice hypothecated here should last from 500 to 1000 years. Thus, with the passage of time following disruption of the comet, larger cometoids would gradually become numerically predominant. After four and a half years, the most numerous would span at least thirty-five feet. But in the first year or two after the Earth intersected a new stream of cometoids, the numerous small ice chunks, of the order of a few feet, would be combed out by the Sun's heat.

Cometoids of these dimensions could explain the strange stories that are heard from time to time about cakes of ice falling from the sky through the roofs of houses, or found half-buried in open fields.

Now if comets are indeed icebergs vagrant from the deep-freeze surrounding the solar system, and if the fragments of them which I have called cometoids can enter the atmosphere intact, then the appearance of cometoids surely must have been observed at some time in the past.

I believe cometoids may have been seen. Such observations have been seriously questioned and generally omitted from scientific journals in recent years because the atmosphere was not deemed capable of slowing such large objects down to the speed reported—a few hundred miles per hour—without incinerating the objects. Many older sightings of unusual meteoric phenomena can be found in the scientific literature, however. For example, in the *Monthly Notices* of the Royal Astronomical Society for December 1880, W. F. Denning describes a slow meteor which took at least fifteen seconds to cross the sky. A textbook written in 1869 and used in colleges for half a century still retained mention of a fireball observation in the eighth edition, printed in 1920. The sighting occurred during the great Leonid shower of November 12, 1833, when meteors fell like fiery snow. "Large fireballs with luminous trains were also seen," wrote the textbook authors White and Blackburn. "Some . . . remained visible for several minutes. Even *stationary masses* of *luminous matter* are said to have been seen. . . . One in particular is mentioned as having remained for

● In addition to its current major projects—the Navy POLARIS FBM; DISCOVERER Satellite Air Force Q-5 and X-7 and Army KINGFISHER, Lockheed Missiles and Space Division has been assigned additional responsibility as systems manager for PROJECT MIDAS and PROJECT SENTRY—programs of the Advanced Research Projects Agency under the direction of the Air Force Ballistic Missile Division.

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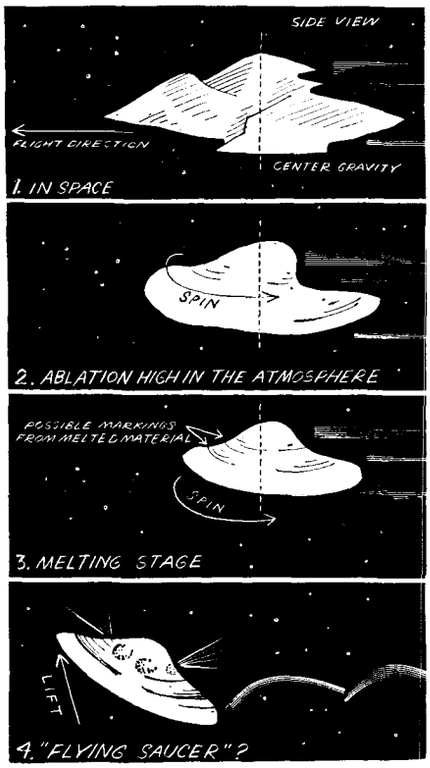

—Doug Anderson after author's notes.

Unauthorized Biography of a UFO.

some time in the zenith over the falls of Niagara, emitting radiant streams of light."

This brings me back to the point of my beginning: the relationship between comets and the so-called flying saucers, or, as they are known officially to the U.S. Air Force, Unidentified Flying Objects.

Those familiar with UFOs will already have noted the resemblance between the hovering meteors just described and the slow moving green fireballs seen above the deserts of the southwestern United States during recent years. There is a further small but perhaps significant link between the southwestern phenomena and the cometoids whose existence I have postulated. Drops of water have been observed falling from a clear sky coincidental with the passage of the fireballs.

Mathematical documentation for belief that spheres of frozen water could successfully enter Earth's atmosphere from without and survive to reach Earth's surface has already been given in this paper. Once the parent body is broken into numerous fragments, the heat affects each piece individually. Thus a homogenous spherical fragment with a radius of one inch decreases in radius ten times as fast as a body with a radius of 100 inches. It follows that if a large cometoid can stay in one piece while descending to low altitudes, its speed may drop to a few miles an hour or even to zero, and it may luminesce.

The entry of a cometoid into the atmosphere would be more complicated than the entry of a sphere of frozen water would be. However, as the object arrived within the atmosphere, the outer covering would consist only of dust and of ices which have low vapor pressures, such as water and possibly materials of resinous or wax-like character. Within, the cometoid would contain a frozen mixture of terrestrial commonplaces like water and gases which would be very volatile in the Earth's atmosphere, e.g., methane or ethylene. These vastly different components of the interior would have differing vapor pressures, hence would volatilize at different speeds. A gas that departed early in the course of the cometoid's flight would leave a hollow in other gases still in the frozen state.

Soon after entering the atmosphere, a cometoid would lose its protective dust cover. Erosion would then set in, due to break-up and recombination in the surface of chemically active fragments of molecules called radicals.

During this period of its travel, when the pressure would be inadequate to produce melting, the cometoid would undergo a preliminary shaping by ablation processes. Corners would be removed, sharp edges dulled and rounded, and the surface pitted.

The inhomogenous nature of the internal ices would keep the entity turning. It would not matter whether the cometoid always turned in one direction or rocked back and forth; as long as it kept exposing different parts of the surface alternately, the rounding and forming would continue.

As the cometoid drifted into lower altitudes, the pressure would rise and cause melting. Substances like water, which expand on freezing, can melt under pressure and re-freeze when the pressure is removed, provided the temperature is not too low. Liquids which ooze into the substrata would tend to sublimate the more volatile materials while freezing themselves. By this process a shell of low vapor pressure ice would be expected to form around the cometoid. If it could be broken up and examined, it might have a shiny, glassy appearance like that reported for many "flying saucers." Grains of dust in the pitted surface might form bands around the sphere. A spinning disc could thus acquire concentric stripes, or a cigar-shaped object might have a series of bands.

In order to remain in existence, cometoids must be quite cold. During the disintegration period, they may have frigid shells filled with hot gases. These gases, being in a state of flux, will shoot out through the various openings in the shell to produce a miniature glowing cloud around it. The cometoids will then become more like hot air balloons.

Also, because of recombinations of the radicals and melting of the foreward face of the shell, small jets tending to oppose the body's motion would occur. The reactions would not be instantaneous, so that a sphere, tumbling randomly, would have a slightly erratic path. A disc-shaped body, spinning clockwise about a vertical axis, would make a gradual counterclockwise turn. If a jet emerged from the interior through just one opening in the shell or if one of several jets predominated, a sphere or a disc would wobble in flight.

A sphere, per se, has no lift, but one that is spinning and blowing out gas jets can have a lift. If the sphere is spinning counterclockwise because of a tangential gas jet, then the jet will oppose the air stream underneath so as to build up an excess pressure relative to the jets on top. If the sphere was spinning in the opposite direction it would tend to dive.

Another lift mechanism might be present in a cometoid. If some of the internal ices were melting there would be a tendency for the liquid to extrude the bottom through any holes that were available. The instant the liquid touched the atmosphere (which would be relatively hot) it might expand to create a pressure underneath.

Following is a description of an incident (taken from the *San Diego Evening Tribune*) which occurred on July 19, 1956 in Arkansas City, Kansas, and seems to be an example of a cometoid. "The Kansas State Highway Patrol today said 'a ball of fire traveling east at a high rate of speed had been picked up by radar at the

$100—REWARD—$100

Donald Robey, author of the paper published in adjoining columns, is a thirty-six-year-old physicist-dreamer on the predesign staff of the Convair-Astronautics Division of General Dynamics in San Diego, Calif. He first reported his theory on cometoids at a meeting of the American Meteorological Society in May 1959. Since then he has learned of a standing offer of a $100 cash reward by The Mineralogist, *a technical journal, "to anyone sending (solid or liquid) an 'ice meteorite'" of a type suggested by John D. Buddhue in 1957. Buddhue, a research associate of the New Mexico Institute of Meteoritics, at that time described "one case of a possible ice meteorite" as follows:*

At 4:12 p.m. EST, 30 August 1955, at approximatly lat. 43 46.5'N, long. 90 44.0'W near Cashton, Monroe Co., Wisconsin, a piece of ice weighing about twelve pounds fell and landed about two feet in front of Roger Geyer, age fifteen."

Under Buddhue's chemical analysis, the sediment of the ice fluoresced faint green. The water contained solids different from those of rainwater, and two chemicals (ammonia and cyanogen) believed to exist in space beyond Earth's atmosphere.

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Hutchinson (Kan.) Naval Air Station.' City Editor Brian Coyne of the *Arkansas City Daily Traveler* said 'a brilliantly-lighted, tear shaped object with prongs or streams of light spraying downward was sighted shortly after midnight. The prongs were observed first as directed towards the Earth and then extending from the sides of the object.' He also described the head of the object as being green in color or 'bluish green'."

Why the bright blue-green light? It cannot be from incandescence or excitation of the air. For when cometoids descend to altitudes of a few miles their velocities fall to a few hundred miles per hour. Jet planes, which sometimes travel at higher speeds than that, are not luminous. Light emission must therefore result from changes of state within the cometoid. It is suggested that cometoids which are fresh from the very cold sub-surface regions of comets may at times contain dormant atoms or combinations of atoms capable of emitting light when sufficiently warm. Since comets in general consist principally of unknown combinations of hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and carbon, the light emitters would have to be of one or more of these elements. One element has been known for forty years for its exceptional phosphorescence on warm-up. This is frozen nitrogen, quite abundant in comets. It glows a brilliant green for as long as five minutes following excitation and can be seen in daylight.

If a cometoid were twenty feet in diameter, and aglow from the sudden warming of frozen nitrogen inside a thin, glass-like shell, the object would appear as bright as the Sun at a distance of 105 feet or as bright as the Moon at a distance of approximately 23,000 feet.

It might be pointed out, in this connection, that brightness of objects seen visually is associated with the wavelength of light. That is, the eye is not equally sensitive to the different wave-lengths in the visible spectrum. In dim light, the eye becomes more sensitive to green or blue-green light. It is not surprising, therefore, that many bright green fireballs have been seen. For the most favorable time for such objects to survive entry of the atmosphere is after sunset.

TO SUMMARIZE, we have argued that comets are the astronomer's equivalent of the mariner's iceberg, that comets disintegrate into express trains of ice fragments, that ice fragments of considerable size can survive Earth's atmosphere within a few miles of Earth's surface, that such fragments are mixtures of frozen gases which melt during atmopheric entry and so create thin-shelled spheroids filled with the hot gases of rapidly recombining radicals, that these ice balloons are shaped by their passage into saucer-like, disc-like, and cigar-like forms lighted eerily from within.

Under certain circumstances, the cometoids could appear to be swiftly approaching Suns or Moons. Peculiar maneuvers are not only possible but almost inevitable, given the irregular burning and ejection of jets of the very same gaseous radicals which provide the power for most of our conventional explosives. The illusion of very large machines, operating under intelligent direction, is hardly a wild imagining to anyone who recalls the enormous force released by collision of one of the "machines" with the Earth in the swamps of Siberia.

Although the explanations offered here cover most of the unknowns of "flying saucers," a few mysteries remain untouched. These include the apparent alternation of evasive and pursuit tactics by UFOs kept under simultaneous observation by experienced airplane pilots and by radar, reports of radiation accompanying the appearance of some UFOs, and alleged UFO effects on electrically controlled vehicles such as motor cars.

It has been noted by many scientists that electromagnetic bursts from the Sun may influence comets in certain ways. The author of this paper is now refining mathematical formulae which could elucidate the transfer of these effects from comets to cometoids and thus explain the yet unexplained enigmas of the UFOs. It is hoped that this work may be the subject of another contribution to SR/Research in the not-too-distant future.

For the present, it is enough to have conveyed some sense of the historical role that comets have played in the development of human thinking, and perhaps to have suggested the extent to which all of us are subject to wonders far beyond the range of comprehension of man's most elaborate tools.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

A BRIEF COMETARY

THE origin of comets, like the origin of the rest of the solar system, is still very much open to debate. The fact that such a large percentage of the orbits are nearly parabolic except when they have been altered by a close approach to one of the planets would indicate that comets come from far out in our solar system. . . . There may be a vast reservoir [of them] circling the Sun at distances of between 50,000 and 150,000 astronomical units. This far out the comets would be moving so slowly that speeds as low as 250 to 450 feet per second, and periods of revolution of the order of 10 to 50 million years would seem to be in order. The Sun's gravitational hold on these comets would be very weak. The nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is only about 270,000 astronomical units from the Sun, and, together with its binary companion, has a mass about twice that of our Sun. Thus the perturbing forces on the comets in the reservoir that would be exerted by the Alpha Centauri system and other near stars would be comparable in strength to the Sun's hold on them. When these forces combine in such a way as to reduce the velocity of a comet in its orbit, it could be drawn in toward the Sun. . . .

As a comet moves into the region of the planets it seems to be a loosely-knit swarm of chunks of frozen gases in which there may be imbedded small particles of solid material of a stony or metallic nature. This nucleus is probably somewhere between a few miles and a few hundred miles in diameter. The mass can hardly exceed one ten-thousandth the mass of the earth, and it may be much less. Though the precise mass of a comet has never been accurately measured, an upper limit can be obtained by noting that comets passing very close to the Earth-Moon system, and even through the satellite system of Jupiter, have not been massive enough to produce any detectable change in the periods of any of the planets or satellites involved. The head of the comet may be anywhere from 30,000 to 150,000 miles in diameter, but of an average density far lower than our best laboratory vacuum. Stars seen through the head of a comet are not dimmed by any detectable amount.

The tails of comets frequently attain lengths of from five to fifty million miles, and thus they are clearly the largest members of our solar system, with the possible exception of the Sun's corona. They are so rarefield, however, that . . . an ounce of comet tail would cover the entire United States to a depth of half a mile.

—THEODORE G. MEHLIN,
in "Astronomy,"
(Wiley, $7.95)

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Univ. of Michigan.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Ask that question of a scientist, and he'll say he doesn't know. Often as not, he'll tell you to ask the statesman, the legislators, the politicians. Science can inform the culture to which it belongs, can contribute tools to enhance understanding, can constantly remind of the universal nature of knowledge and knowledge's refusal to be fettered. But it cannot take over contral of a democracy without destroying the democratic spirit. The rules and regulations have to be worked out in the main by students and practitioners of the law.*

The University of Michigan Law School is more aware of this reality than most American institutions of learning, and one of the agencies it has created as a consequence is the Atomic Energy Research Project. The Project combines basic research in relationships between science and the law with applied

By WILLIAM BERMAN
(University of Michigan)

LIKE the Russians, we have used little imagination in recognizing the explosive power of hydrogen as a potential force for peace. To date our most impressive act has been assignment of the code name Plowshare to a few preliminary and somewhat tardy explorations of possible constructive uses of explosive nuclear fusion.

One reason for our delinquency has been our blind faith in President Eisenhower's Atoms-for-Peace plan of 1953. We have proceeded on the assumption that peaceful applications of atomic energy could transform the world into a Garden of Eden without considering the real needs of the underdeveloped lands whose friendship we seek. We have been thinking in terms of nuclear power generating stations for countries which have few, if any, electric light bulbs. We have been talking about radioisotope laboratories for nations which have no sewer systems. We have been expecting complex industrial techniques of people with little or no experience in skilled work.

Apart from increased literacy and adequate public health facilities, the first steps in industrialization of any nation must be directed toward exploitation of natural resources, including the preparation of land for farming and extraction of mineral deposits. Roads and inland waterways must be developed for the facilitation of commerce. Extensive electrification and adequate housing will come later, but they can have no realistic place where half the population must exist on less than ten cents a day.

Hydrogen explosions can open the way for irrigation of now barren acres, for development of transportation systems, for mining of buried riches.

Why do we limit this discussion to fusion explosions? Why do we not also include the atom bomb, or, for that matter, older forms of explosives?

Where the release of large amounts of energy is involved, conventional high explosives are much more bulky than nuclear explosives and more dangerous to handle. Ordinary atomic explosives (such as the fission bombs) have a practical potential for much greater energy releases than conventional explosives. But they raise two major problems which impose very finite limits upon their peaceful use. First, the fissionable material from which all of their energy derives is prohibitively expensive. Second, the fissioning process creates large quantities of extremely dangerous radioactive substances.

Hydrogen is plentiful and comparatively inexpensive. It releases energy through a fusion reaction which frees some neutrons but no other radioactive debris. While a fission explosion is still necessary to trigger the fusion of the hydrogen, present estimates are that the trigger's proportion of the total released energy can be reduced well below 5 per cent. Some scientists familiar with fusion techniques say that where the size and weight of a nuclear explosive device is unimportant, as would be true in many peaceful applications, it is reasonable to believe that the trigger can be eliminated altogether.

To a very limited number of individuals, the idea of employing nuclear explosives in such a manner was not entirely new when Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, then Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, announced on June 9, 1958 that the AEC was "initiating . . . studies to ascertain the feasibility . . . of nuclear explosives for peaceful purposes." Among those perceptive enough to envision the far-fetched was Camille Rougeron, a retired French military officer, who in 1952 (the year of the first successful American H-bomb test) made the heady prediction that constructive uses of fusion explosions would increase rapidly during the ensuing twenty years.

During the first five of those twenty years, the United States held fourteen series of tests of nuclear weapons, involving the detonation of more than seventy nuclear devices. But not one experiment was made with the specific purpose of exploring nuclear explosions for peace.

THE first test that developed valuable information directly related to nonmilitary use of nuclear detonations resulted from public indignation about the hazards of bomb fallout. There was a continuing need to test new weapons, the AEC said, and it began to examine the practicability of conducting tests underground.

The first underground shot, code named "Rainier," was fired on September 19, 1957, at the AEC's Nevada Test Site. A nuclear device containing a charge equivalent to 1,700 tons of TNT was installed some 900 feet below the surface of a volcanic rock mesa at the end of a horizontal tunnel dug for the purpose. The results were more favorable than anticipated. There was no blast wave, no fireball, no significant seismic ground shocks, and no escape of radiation.

After the "Rainier" results were evaluated, the AEC released a number of technical papers prepared or edited by scientists of the University of California's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory. Described in these in considerable detail were various possible peaceful applications of nuclear explosives. The reports also analyzed economic practicability, which quickened commercial interest. During the fall of 1958, and literally up to the moment when the United States' unilateral one-year moratorium on weapons testing became effective at the end of the year, four more underground shots were detonated in Nevada. These varied in power from the equivalent of sixty-five to 23,000 tons of TNT. Their results encouraged the AEC to announce the likelihood of several early experiments

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. . . a borderland between the atom and the law

science in the form of action reports to committees of Congress. It all happens in the area of peaceful use of knowledge about the atom.
In the report below, the future possibility under scrutiny is hydrogen fusion as a prime mover of social and economic problems of underdeveloped nations. Both the explorers are graduates of Harvard Law School and former employes of the general counsel's office of the Atomic Energy Commission. William Berman's last year before going to Michigan in 1958 was spent as a special assistant to AEC's Assistant General Manager for research and development. Lee Hydeman ended his AEC assignment as a special assistant to the director of the AEC Division of Licensing and Regulation. Their joint experience lends authority to their proposal that peaceful atom projects be taken away from the AEC's Military Applications Division.

and LEE HYDEMAN
(University of Michigan)

—Univ. of Michigan.

directed specifically at commercial applications of the technique. Four such projects are under consideration.

NOW it should have been apparent from the outset that Project Plowshare would be viewed with concern by peoples already frightened by fallout dangers. It was likewise plain that Plowshare would prove to be a vital weapon in ideological war. Yet Plowshare was presented to the Second United Nations International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy in Geneva in August 1958 with all the zest of an apologetic afterthought, in a way almost calculated to heighten fear.

Dr. Edward Teller was first to broach the subject, at the end of an extensive discussion of controlled fusion. "This survey should not be concluded," he opined, "without mentioning another way in which thermonuclear energy can be made to serve peaceful and constructive purposes." He went on to outline possible uses briefly and to state generally that in the "Rainier" shot "the bulk of radioactive fission products was entrapped." His remarks could hardly have been expected to reassure politicians justifiably concerned about *any* radiation. Plowshare was next mentioned by Dr. Willard F. Libby, then AEC Commissioner, who brought it up in a conference session on "Progress in the Use of Isotopes." Dr. Gerald Johnson, a brilliant and personable scientist, but not well known internationally, explained the technical details of Plowshare. Like the two earlier Plowshare "advocates," he made the tactical blunder, at least once, of referring to the peaceful explosives as "bombs."

The foreseeable reaction occurred. Questions about radioactive contamination were immediately raised by the Japanese. The British said they "would have difficulty in convincing the Health Ministry to approve a Plowshare project in the U.K." V. S. Emelyonov, head of the Russian delegation, said, "I personally believe that . . . the objectives of such activities . . . are political and not practical ones. I cannot see how hydrogen explosions can be used for peaceful, practical purposes either now or in the future." Dr. Emelyonov adroitly sidestepped a reminder that in 1949 Andrei Vishinsky had claimed that the Soviet Union was using atomic energy in Siberia "to move mountains and change the course of rivers."

Given this discouraging start, can the United States still launch a hydrogen-for-peace crusade? We think so.

Initially, a cautious announcement should be made by someone in quite high authority. It should express the willingness of the United States to share the benefits of Plowshare with other nations. It should emphasize the purpose of providing assistance to underdeveloped nations. The nature of this assistance should be spelled out precisely. We should frankly admit that experience on specific applications of nuclear explosions is limited. We should at the same time make clear that as applications are perfected, they will be made available. To be entirely candid, we may also have to indicate that for reasons of military security, we will not always be able to fully disclose the design of a device employed. However, we should emphasize that no data relating to possible hazards will be hidden and that no explosive will be employed abroad until after it has been tried in the United States and proved both practical and safe. We should invite a few representatives of each nation to witness every Plowshare experiment.

The logical existing body to undertake responsibility for supervising Plowshare is the International Atomic Energy Agency. Unfortunately, the Agency does not yet have an existing cadre of individuals technically qualified to deal with the intricacies of nuclear detonations and probably could not build up such a staff very rapidly. For the time being, the will of Congress allows no alternative to continuance of Plowshare under the authority of the USAEC. But administrative discretion could remove explosions-for-peace from the present inappropriate custody of the AEC's Military Applications Division.

THE timing of the announcement of our Plowshare intentions should, of course, avoid any possible implication that the program is intended to undermine current Geneva talks on a nuclear weapons ban. The present posture of these discussions appears to open an avenue free of genuine suspicion. Since both our own President Eisenhower and Russian Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko have explicitly stated that any weapons test moratorium should exclude nuclear detonations for peaceful purposes, it is reasonable to assume that whatever agreement is negotiated will permit reasonable peaceful applications, possibly subject to some international inspection.

What are the possible categories?

Perhaps the most captivating is that of earth-moving. Because this involves surface explosions, it raises the spectre of additional radiation damage to the human race. However, the scientists at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory say methods are available which can reduce this hazard to a readily manageable point. Moving earth for the formation of harbors and canals is, therefore, the most immediately practical category of fusion explosion. Also high on the list of priorities would be facilitation of recovery of various natural resources, such as oil trapped in shale and tar sands, low-grade minerals deposited deep in the earth, and water hidden in brackish reservoirs beneath desert regions of the globe.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

CARICATURE OF FREUD

UNLESS . . . PROFESSOR LAPIERE'S "The Apathetic Ethic" (*SR*/Research, Aug. 1, 1959) offers documentation and proof not to be found in this excerpt, LaPiere is guilty of the grossest caricature of Freud's theses. He nowhere demonstrates that the writings of Freud express an ethic, nor that such an ethic, if it can be found, is what LaPiere alleges. And there is not the least glimmer of evidence that the many trends which LaPiere purports to see in our society, and of which he disapproves (early marriage, security-seeking, progressive education, and the "cult of adjustment"), are an outgrowth of either Freudian theory or Freudian practice.

JOAN SAWYER JENKINS.
Carmel Valley, Calif.

OR WAS IT ROUSSEAU?

IF DR. LAPIERE is simply looking for whipping boys to blame for the present lack of discipline, he would do better to turn to the works of some of the early nineteenth century thinkers such as Rousseau or Wordsworth who were explicit in their beliefs that the infant, newly come from God, was pure and noble until the "shades of the prison house" in the form of interfering and corrupt pedagogues and parents descended upon him. Such ideas of man underlie modern progressive education far more than the somber picture sketched by dour old Freud.

GOODHUE LIVINGSTON.
Seattle, Wash.

OR EVE'S APPLETITE?

DR. LAPIERE HAS sounded the wrong alarm. The danger to our society is not from those who are carrying on after Freud, but from those who hang around like vultures to exploit our growing knowledge of human behavior. They see what Dr. LaPiere misses completely—that Freud or no Freud, man is the same as he was when he sought gratification by eating the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden; and they take indiscriminately from all schools of psychology to accomplish that for which Dr. LaPiere blames Freud.

JOSEPH T. BIBIK.
Social Caseworker
Detroit, Michigan

OR THE OLD TESTAMENT?

I AM QUITE in agreement with Dr. LaPiere . . . as to the identification of and concern over current social phenomena. What is astonishing is his total lack of consideration of other possible causes than poor old Freud. (Let us concede a peripheral role to Freud. One can also maintain with equal justification that the Old Testament, for example, was long used or misused to defend slavery.) Among other factors, one might consider the historically recent passing of the frontier . . . the development of the assembly line . . . perhaps . . . also a massive biological protest against the threat of massive nuclear destruction. . . . A psychoanalyst of my acquaintance once remarked that reality was, for the individual, better than any psychotherapy; it is at least possible that realities have as much influence on the development of a society as any theory.

PHYLLIS C. PASKANSKAS.
Arlington, Mass.

SHEER COINCIDENCE

PROFESSOR LAPIERE'S sermon catalogs the world's woes admirably, but to blame them all on Freud is nonsense. Freud and current problems are coincidental.

DAVIS JACKSON.
Norwich, Vermont

NEGATIVE THINKING

PROFESSOR LAPIERE as a sociologist certainly should indulge in analyses of his own and, as analyses go, be critical and discriminating about assumptions as put forth by Freud. But Prof. LaPiere would, and should, be the first one to assess Freud's contributions to mankind in a more positive aspect of thinking, something which I missed from his otherwise excellent expose.

HANS A. ILLING, PH.D.
Psychotherapy-Researcher
Beverly Hills, Calif.

GUMPTION VS. SCIENCE

POSSIBLY . . . DR. LAPIERE . . . could have done better with a little less "gumption" and "courage" and a little more training in the scientific method.

MRS. RALPH M. POTTS.
Cleveland, Ohio

ANOTHER TRANSLATION

DR. FREUD did not counsel "Adjust to society." He counseled, "Adjust to yourself." When we dispel our illusions about ourselves, see ourselves as we really are, and adjust to our real selves, then we are free to distinguish between illusion and reality in society and, if we are so inclined, act to change that reality.

WALTER LACKLAND.
New York, N. Y.

HOW LONG?

HOW MANY MYRIADS of emotionally ill must be, directly or indirectly, helped, and how many emotionally healthy must use the fruits of his genius in their everyday life, before Freud-baiting will seem pretty futile, even to a diversified talent as Richard LaPiere (Coeur de Lion)?

SAL A. PRINS, M.D.
Psychotherapist
Middletown, Conn.

CULT BUSTER

IN "THE APATHETIC ETHIC" Richard LaPiere effectively punctures some of the cultish bubbles that have long been the plague and the despair of teachers and writers who want to help young people toward genuine education and maturity.

IRENE H. WILSON.
New York, N. Y.

LANDMARKER

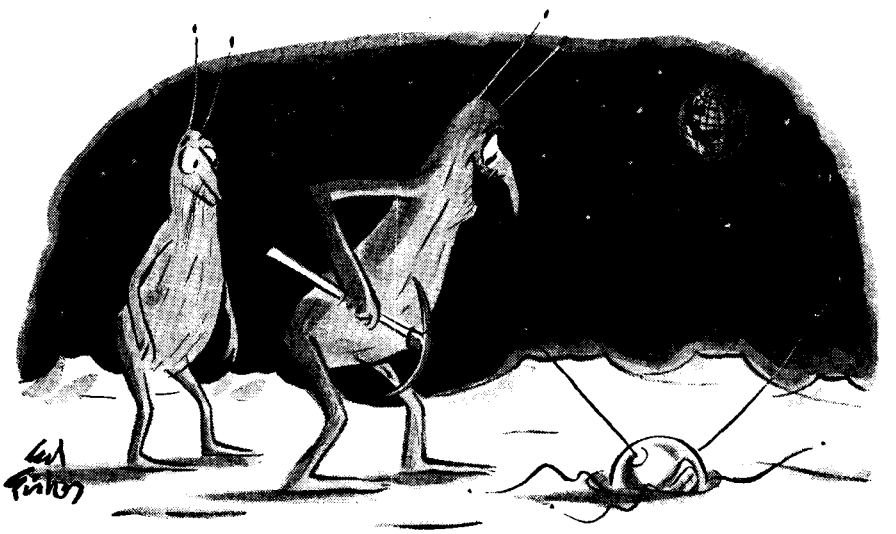
I BELIEVE Dr. LaPiere's forthcoming book may well become a landmark in our uphill struggle to regain some of the ground lost to "the apathetic ethic," as you have so ably characterized Freudianism.

REV. DR. ELLIS L. TIFFANY.
Ridgecrest, California

PUBLIC SERVANT

I THINK YOU perform a real service to the reading public to let them know that there is a formidable section of the intelligent, reading public that does not accept the Freudian view of man despite the great popularity and the almost religious fervor with which it is accepted in some quarters.

E. LAKIN PHILLIPS, PH.D.
Psychologist.
Falls Church, Va.



"Gold!"

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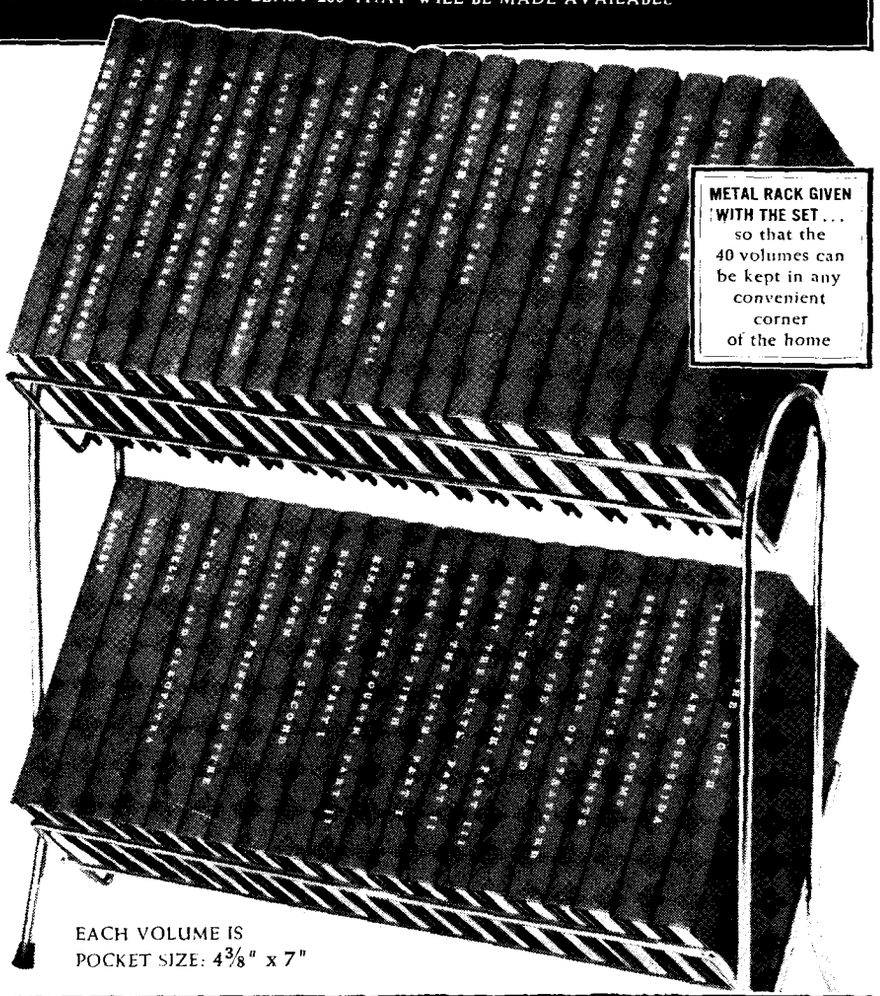

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